

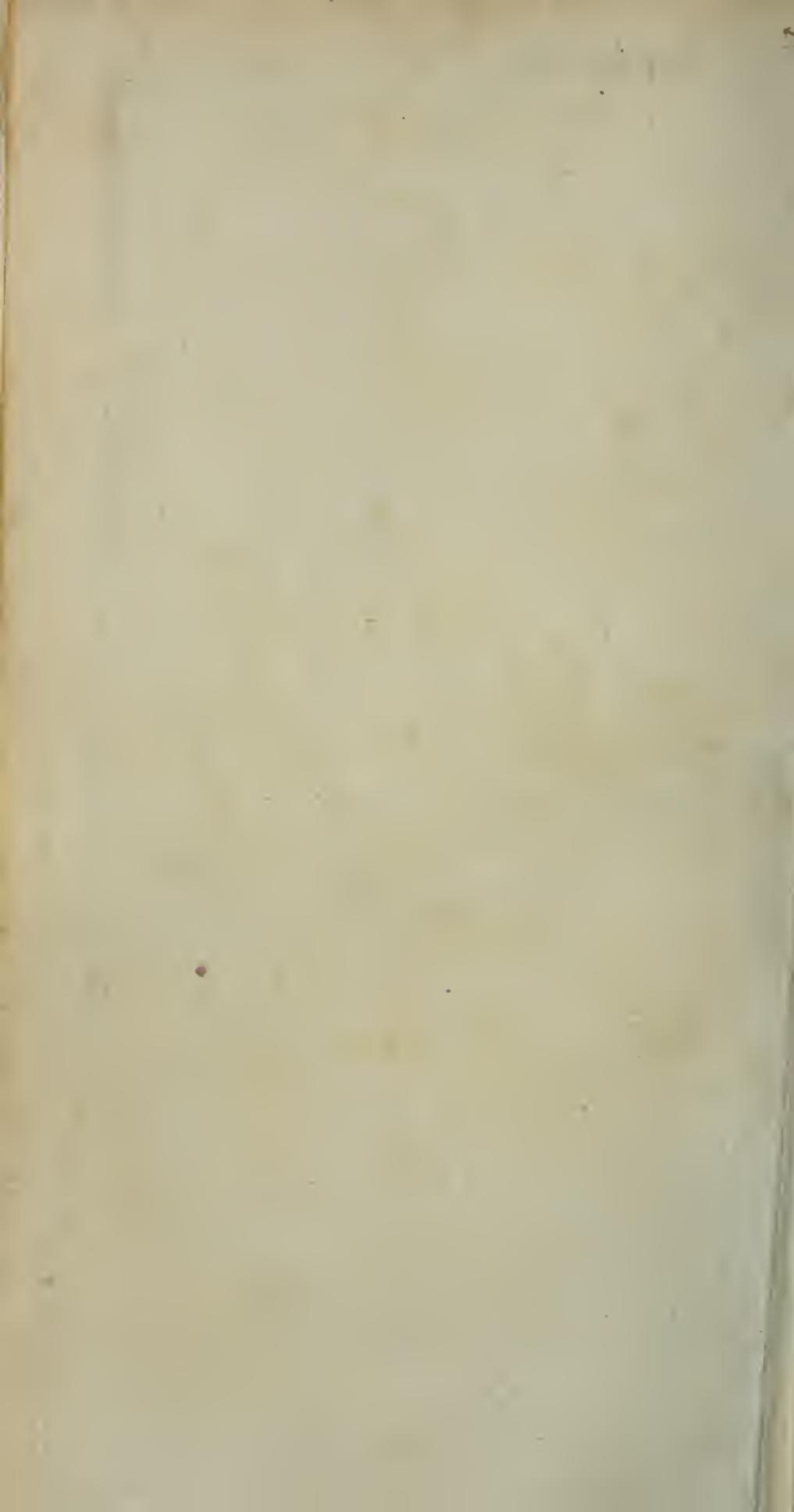


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Hon. J. C. P. Bazett.
YOUNG GRANDISON.

A SERIES OF
LETTERS
FROM
YOUNG PERSONS
TO THEIR
FRIENDS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF
MADAME DE CAMBON.

WITH
ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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M DCC XC.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.
TREASURE ROOM

THIS work is translated from a more voluminous one in Dutch, written by Madame de Cambon, professedly for the instruction of young people.

The author has judiciously interspersed little introductory hints relative to natural philosophy; which, while they tend to awaken curiosity, lead to reflections calculated to expand the heart.

Indeed any instruction which has not evidently this tendency, will be found not only useless but pernicious; if it be allowed that a smattering of knowledge can never compensate for narrowing the heart by introducing vanity. And as it is much easier to dissipate ignorance than root out that degree of selfishness, which an endeavour to supplant others generally inspires, emulation should very cautiously be excited. On this account deviations, from the original were unavoidable; besides the editor apprehended that affection rather than virtue may be produced by

ADVERTISEMENT.

endeavouring, through a mistaken zeal, to bring the mind forward prematurely, as in all probability it will seldom afterwards reach that degree of strength which it might have acquired by gradual improvement. In short, the whole has been abridged, and *material* alterations made, to render it more extensively useful; some sentiments and incidents are thrown out, and others added, which were naturally suggested by the subjects: it would be needless to point out the alterations that have been made, they were, in the editor's opinion, necessary. Productions intended for the instruction of youth, without aiming at the graces of higher compositions, should be as free from errors as possible; but above all, no narrow prejudices should be retained to cramp the understanding, or make it submit to any other authority than that of reason.

YOUNG

YOUNG GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM D— *to his MOTHER:*

You desired me to write to you, my dear mother. What a comfort it is to be able to converse with you in this way, now I am at such a distance, and cannot see you !

I did not find the journey fatiguing ; I was not sea-sick—but I was sorrowful—very sorrowful, I assure you. You will say that I am childish, when I tell you, that, during the voyage, as often

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2 YOUNG GRANDISON.

as I thought of the last kiss you gave me, I could scarcely restrain my tears, or mention your name without sobbing. I hid myself in a corner of the cabin, that I might weep freely without being seen : I was not ashamed of it ; yet as the captain endeavoured to amuse me, I did not wish him to know that I was so very unhappy. Besides, my dear mother, my tears will not flow when any one looks at me ;—but I will have done. I know you love me, and I would not willingly grieve you. My heart is lighter.

What a great city this is ! and how full the streets are of people ! The large towns in Holland are nothing to it. Every thing pleases me ; but I find not here my dear mother : I cannot run hastily home to tell her all I have seen, and I do not half enjoy the fine sights.

You praised Lady Grandison ; indeed she is so good-natured every one must

love

love her, as soon as they see her face. How she pressed me in her arms when I arrived—just as you do, when you are pleased with me. And Sir Charles Grandison, oh ! I cannot tell you what a worthy man he seems to be : he is so tender hearted. My father was like him, I dare say ; yes, he certainly was, for you have often told me that he was a good man. Ah ! had I yet that father, how happy should I be : I would love and obey him, as young Charles obeys his father ; and I should not love you less. God, you have frequently said, is now in a peculiar manner my father. I pray every night to him, with more earnestness than ever, to bless my mother, my only parent, and to enable me to be a comfort to her. Now farewell, my dear mother, think often of me, and love your own

WILLIAM.

LETTER II.

Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.

YOUR letter afforded me the most solid satisfaction, my dear son; while I felt for you, the sorrow, you so well described, drew you still closer to my heart. Your warm manner of expressing your filial affection pleased me, as it convinced me, that you have a feeling heart. A son who could leave an indulgent mother, without experiencing similar emotions, will never love God, or do good to his fellow-creatures; he will live for himself alone, and gradually lose the dignity of his nature. But dry up your tears; immoderate sorrow is a sign of weakness, and will prevent your improvement, the principal end of life. We must arm ourselves with courage to ward off the casualties that in this uncertain

certain state we are exposed to ; the happiest situations are not exempt from them ; heaven sends pain and sorrow to teach us virtue, and not merely to afflict us. When you lament that we are separated, think with what pleasure we shall meet again ; and how eagerly my eyes will run over your whole person, and my ears be on the catch to weigh your words : that I may trace your improvement, and love you still more.— And this love would be a comfort to my age, I should not consider myself a widow.—Yes, your father was virtuous ; resemble him ; and console, in some degree, your mother, by cultivating the virtues which just begin to dawn in your mind.

We shall write to each other often ; to write is the same as to speak. You are now rewarded for the diligent attention you paid to my commands, though at first it was an irksome task to learn to

write ; but had you neglected it, we could not have conversed when a vast sea, or large tracts of land were between us—then, indeed, I should have been absent in the true sense of the word. Now I can participate in all your pleasures : be very particular in your account of them ; and remember to write as you speak. A letter ought to be simple and natural ; regulate your thoughts, and let your expressions appear easy and not studied. Above all, strictly adhere to truth ; you violate it, when you use unmeaning compliments, or permit affectionate words to drop from your pen, which are fabricated by the head for selfish purposes, and do not flow from a good heart. Take care always of your spelling : it is a shameful thing for any one to be ignorant of his native language,

Present my best respects to Lady Grandison.

L E T-

LETTER III.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

A THOUSAND thanks do I wish to send you, my dear mother, for your letter; I feel myself of some consequence now you correspond with me. Was I wrong, when I was proud of your praises? I wished Lady Grandison to know that I had been an obedient son, and I gave her your letter to read. What an excellent mother you have, William, said she! you must obey all her commands, and console her by acquiring virtue. You must try to amuse her by communicating your sentiments; and do not forget to tell her of all your amusements, your business, and even the conversations which you listen to in this family: and this attention will in some degree make her happy. But,

Madam, said I, my mother has often forbid me to mention any conversations I heard, when I went with her to pay a visit. William, she replied, you must learn to make distinctions ; conversations are not to be repeated ; but you may confide every observation you make in the bosom of a friend, except indeed the secrets you have promised to keep, they are sacred. A young person ought never to promise to keep any secrets from an indulgent parent, till their reason enables them to govern themselves, and they are no longer children.

Oh ! how glad I was, for you know, dear mother, that I am now fond of writing. How much I shall have to tell you of young Charles ; yes, it is of him, that I mean to speak the most. You cannot think how much sense he has, and how good he is ; indeed I do love him. We are almost always together, for his cousin Edward, though he is

LETTER III.

is two years older, has not half his sense and goodness. But Lady Grandison told me yesterday, his education had been neglected, so I pity him; yet cannot love him as I love Charles and Emilia.

LETTER IV.

Mrs. D— to WILLIAM.

I wish you happy, my son, and rejoice that you have chosen such a friend as Charles. Yet, while you admire your friend, do not hate Edward; remark his faults only to avoid them. He is really an object that should excite your compassion, while you thank God for having placed you in a different situation. You had the advantage of receiving early instruction, and was not allowed to contract any bad habits. Sir Charles paid the same diligent attention to cultivate your new friend's mind, and Dr. Bartlett assisted: but poor Edward was suffered to run almost wild.

You have seen in the little garden I have, that weeds grow quickly; and would soon choke the vegetables and flowers,

flowers, if a careful hand did not pluck them up by the roots.

Lady Grandison praises you; do your best to deserve her approbation, and you shall ever be the beloved of my heart.

LETTER V.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

I ENJOY here much pleasure; we walk, we draw, we learn music; and we sometimes go to the Play. But what pleases me most, is a microscope, my friend has. We see in it the most wonderful things; every body ought to have microscopes to know rightly what there is in the world. We view the flies, the spiders, &c. I shall speak to you often of them, I shall communicate our conversations word for word. Dr. Bartlett, who is with us every day, teaches us many wonderful things. Yes, Mama, your son shall be well furnished with knowledge; but I must leave off writing, for I am called. Go then away, letter, and tell my dear mother how much I love her; and assure her that I shall be always her dutiful son.

LET-

LETTER VI.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

To-MORROW we go to the country seat—what pleasure I shall have there! Charles has packed up a great many books to take with him; for we are both fond of reading. Our drawings and our pencils are not forgotten. Charles has drawn some landscapes from nature; and I will try to do a view of the house, and send it to you. I enclose you one of the town habitation. You must observe two windows on the left side of the house, I will mark them, your William sleeps in that room, pray look at it.

We are all glad to go to the country-seat, except Edward, he is displeased. I have been present at a conversation, which interested me. I will repeat it.

Do

Do you know, said Emilia, that our dear Dr. Bartlett goes with us into the country? Yes, answered Charles, and I am glad of it. So am not I, grumbled Edward. And why? Because he is always reproving me. The reproofs of so wise a man as Dr. Bartlett are very useful, and then he speaks in such a mild voice, the very tone encourages me to hope that I may correct the faults he reproves: I am sorry but not hurt, said Charles. I thought at least I should be free for some time from learning that miserable Latin, continued Edward; but, no, we must write a theme every day, I suppose. I hope so, said Charles, and that will not be tiresome. But, Edward, have you nothing to pack up? I shall let the servants do that, answered he. The servants will have enough to do, said Emilia. Then they may go an hour later to bed. Poor servants, replied Emilia, they are tired and want sleep;

sleep ; besides, they must rise very early in the morning ; you could spare them some trouble, and that would be a better employment than tormenting your dog. But he is my dog, snarled Edward. Yes, said Emilia, but the servants are not your servants nor mine. I need not your lessons, Madam.— Charles interrupted him, and took them both by the hand, and, turning to Edward, said, we have been taught from our infancy to think attendance a proof of weakness ; and that we ought not to give the meanest of our fellow-creatures trouble when we can avoid it, if we desire to be truly great. Give me the business of the servant and you will oblige me.

Farewel, my dear mother, I will write as soon as I arrive at the country-seat.

L E T.

LETTER VII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

HERE we are at the country-seat, dear mother. What a fine house ! what a pretty garden ! There are a number of trees I never saw before.

Charles has a little garden, which he manages entirely himself. He plants and sows seeds according to his own mind. As soon as we were rested, he ran to his garden, and what do you think he did ? he is certainly a good boy, he gave half a guinea to the gardener, who had taken care of it in his absence. The man receives constant wages from his father ; but he has six children, and Charles is compassionate. Surely it was well done ; yet Edward found fault. I will tell you all ; oh ! I recollect some-

thing.

thing ; Lady Grandison bid me write our conversations in the manner of a dialogue, and not always to be using the phrase, *he said* and *she said*. Edward saw the gardener receive the half guinea, and he ran to Charles.

EDWARD.

Are you foolish, Charles, that you give so much money to that man ? My uncle pays him very well for his work.

CHARLES.

That is true ; but see how neat my garden is, it deserves a reward. Besides, he is a poor man, who has many children ; and I used to climb up his knees when I was a child.

EDWARD.

Very well ; but I say again, he has more than what belongs to him. Dare you tell my uncle what you have done ?

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Yes, certainly. I hope never to do any thing that I should be afraid to mention to him. He sometimes gives the gardener money himself.

EDWARD.

My uncle gives his own money, and what you gave is not your own.

CHARLES.

I beg your pardon ; what I have given to the gardener was my own ; I received it a few days before I left London as a reward ; and could I make a better use of it ? I did double business that I might have some money to give away.

EDWARD.

And could you not have bought something with it ; such as fire-works ? They would have afforded rare sport in the country.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Fire-works, and for what? Fire-works are but for a moment; while the shoes the poor man will buy for his children, will keep them out of the wet a month or two.

EDWARD, (*laughing.*)

And what good will it do you, if their feet are dry?

CHARLES.

If I do them good, it is enough; I feel pleasure in assisting the poor, and particularly that good-natured man who was so kind to me when I was a helpless babe.

Edward said no more; he ran away from us to torment a cat, which he had seen lie sleeping on the grass.

What

What do you think of all this? I, for my part, was ashamed of Edward, and love Charles more than ever. When I am rich, should I ever be so, I will give to the poor; it is such a pleasure to make glad a person in distress.

LETTER VIII.

Mrs. D— to WILLIAM.

YOUR last letter gave me inexpressible pleasure, my son. I am pleased with you for loving Charles, for loving his virtues; but you must do more, let your affection have an influence on your conduct, and endeavour to copy the good qualities you approve.

The pleasure that was painted on the gardener's countenance found its way quickly to the heart of Charles, and made it glad; and this pleasure will be continually renewed, when he meets the smiling infants with the shoes on he gave them. The momentary amusement that the fire-works would have afforded, is not to be compared to this heart-felt satisfaction. The only way to

to deserve affluence, and indeed the only true pleasure it procures, is the enlarged power of doing good.

Lady Grandison has sent me another of your drawings. I am glad to see you so much improved: go forward in this manner, dear William; should you be deprived of your small fortune, painting would be a respectable way of earning an independance. At any rate it will be an innocent source of amusement which will keep you out of idleness and bad company. Yes, idleness leads to every vice; the exercise of the fine arts is a good preservative of youth. Take your pleasure, my son, fulfil your duty, and write often to your affectionate mother.

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

Ah, Mama! a great misfortune has happened here. Edward has fallen into the water, he is very ill. Lady Grandison is indisposed, and we are much afflicted. If he had not got help quickly, he would certainly have been drowned.

It was yesterday afternoon ; he had not wrote his theme, and his uncle ordered him to stay in his room to make it. He is always disobedient ; he was never taught to obey when he was not in the presence of those who had a right to command him. He went down notwithstanding what his uncle had said, and came to us ; but I must tell you all.

We were going to a farm house, not far off, to drink some warm milk. Edward ran himself out of breath to overtake us. Seeing him running, we waited for him, thinking that he had obtained leave to go with us. After we had walked a little way together, we met a boy with a wheel-barrow, on which there was a barrel of vinegar. He made us a bow. Soon after his wheel-barrow was turned over, and the vinegar barrel fell out on the ground. The poor boy was in great distress, for he was not able to lift the barrel on the wheel-barrow again ; and there was nobody near him who could offer him their assistance. Charles ran to him, Come William, come Edward, said he, let us help this little boy, we shall all four be able to put the barrel in the wheel-barrow. Are you foolish, cried Edward ? do you think I would demean myself to such low work ? There is no

meanness, replied Charles, in doing a good action. Let us see, said I, we three are strong enough, it is not very heavy; in short, mama, we placed the barrel on the barrow—while Edward did nothing but sing, and call us fools. The little boy was very much obliged to us, and wheeled away.

Fine young gentlemen, said Edward, you will soon be able to wheel a vinegar barrel. Very well, cousin, answered Charles, laughing, then if my vinegar barrel was to fall, I should be very thankful to any person who would help me up with it. Laugh as you will, continued Edward, but what would your father say, if he was told what you have done? He would commend Charles, said Emilia, my father is good, he would have done just the same himself. And I, said Edward, am ashamed of this affair; what had we to do with that poor boy? Oh! replied

plied Charles, we must not only be serviceable to others who have need of assistance because it is our duty ; but we must do it to gratify humane feelings, which, my father says, are in every good heart. I should not have enjoyed the treat we are going to have, if I had left the boy vainly attempting to replace his barrel. Besides, that very boy might have it in his power, some time or other, to assist us ; but this is not a motive, a good action is its own reward.

We had not been many minutes in the farm house before Edward proposed sailing in a small boat on a little river near the house. Charles and Emilia refused, saying, that he knew very well that their father and Dr. Bartlett had forbid them. But they will not know any thing about it, replied Edward. Yes, returned Charles, I might conceal it without telling a positive lie ; but I could not meet their eyes in the even-
ing,

ing, nor say my prayers if I had deceived them.

Well then, answered Edward, if you will not go on the water, I will return home; for I do not find any amusement here.

We all thought he meant to do so; but would you believe it, he went into the boat without our perceiving it.—In about half an hour we heard some one crying out for help. We ran to the place, with the farmer and his son.—But what a terrible sight! We quickly saw it was Edward who had fallen into the river; and there was in the water with him a boy, who was vainly endeavouring to draw him to the bank. The farmer hastened to their assistance, and dragged them both out of the water; but Edward was insensible. Emilia wept aloud, and I was so surprised and terrified I could not speak: Charles only had presence of mind. He ordered that

they should carry his cousin to the mansion-house ; and entreated his sister to try to compose herself ; your tears, said he, will frighten our parents : we must hasten to inform them in the gentlest manner of this misfortune. We soon reached the house. Lady Grandison turned pale, and could scarcely follow Sir Charles, who ran to meet the motionless body which the farmer and his son supported.

At last, dear mother, Edward came to himself ; but he is still in bed, for he caught a very violent cold. Perhaps this accident may do him good, I wish it may ! Farewel, dear mother, I shall write soon again.

WILLIAM.

L E T-

LETTER X.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

LADY Grandison is better, and Edward almost recovered: and he is grown much wiser. I mentioned in my last letter, a young boy who had jumped into the water to save Edward: now this was the same boy whom we assisted, when Edward laughed at us. I thought of the fable of the Lion and the Mouse; for certainly he would have been drowned if this courageous boy had not been there. But I must tell you part of a conversation which we had concerning this matter, when we sat in the sick chamber.

EDWARD.

You are very kind, Charles and William, to come to sit with me; this fine

C 3

evening

evening you could have had more pleasure below than with me.

C H A R L E S.

It would be mean to seek pleasure only for ourselves. If I was sick, you would, I am sure, come to visit me.

W I L L I A M.

It is sufficient for us, to see you so well, it might have had a worse issue.

E D W A R D.

That is very true. If I had continued a moment longer in the water, I had been gone; and without that boy who sells vinegar, I should not have been able to have made you hear.

C H A R L E S.

See then, in this instance, the brotherly love which, I said, we ought to cultivate: we should do good to every fellow-

fellow-creature; love all as men, but choose our friends.

EDWARD.

I have lamented, indeed I have, that I did not help the poor boy who ventured his life to save mine.

CHARLES.

You are very right to acknowledge your fault; and after such an acknowledgement, only the ill-natured will remember it to your disadvantage. And for the service you may have an opportunity of recompensing the boy, and do not forget to do it, you are indebted to him for life. He has been the instrument, in the hands of providence, of your preservation; and, perhaps, God allowed him to save you, to impress on your mind a useful lesson, to root out your foolish pride. What would a young gentleman have done on such an

occasion? He would, most probably, have called out for help; but this hardy boy, more accustomed to difficulties, and having less fear, plunged in without thinking of the danger he ran into. Let us, then, love all our fellow-creatures; those in the lowest condition may be as useful, nay, more so, than those who fill the highest station. One common nature equally ties us to both; are we not all children of the same father?

I had tears in my eyes, dear mother, when I heard Charles deliver these sentiments; his own shone; he is a good creature. I recollect I have often seen labouring men very compassionate. God takes care of the meanest insect, Dr. Bartlett says.

Farewell. I forgot to tell you that we are to go to-morrow to dine with a sister of Sir Charles's, whose house is some miles distant from hence; and as

we

we are to rise earlier than usual, I am going to bed, that I may not keep them a moment in the morning waiting for me. Edward cannot go with us, he is very sorry, and I pity him, he will be so dull alone; but I will lend him a book full of stories. Once more farewell.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XI.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

WE have been very happy at Lord L——'s; I wish you had seen how well my friend Charles behaves himself in company. Not like young Dulis, I assure you. He has so much affectation and formality: he does nothing but bow, and make compliments, with a half-ashamed face, as if he had done wrong, and was afraid to look the person he spoke to in the face. Charles, on the contrary, is polite with a noble freedom; he walks with ease and grace; he listens with attention, and speaks little; but when the discourse is directed to him, he returns a modest answer.

I will

I will give you an instance of his attention. We were in the garden with the whole party : one of the young ladies had left her hat in the house and complained of the heat of the sun ; Charles heard her, and ran immediately for it. Then, with his usual mirth, he asked permission to put it on the lady's head.

Oh, could I be like him how happy I should be ! I will try to be as attentive and complaisant. Most people only come into company to eat and drink. I know, for you have told me, that children should not converse much ; but they must not appear tired and stupidly dumb. Is it not true, dear mother ?

Lady L— has two daughters, they are both very pleasing ; the eldest, Charlotte, sings admirably : Emilia is very fond of her, and they have promised to write to each other.

—But I must not forget to tell you what happened to us in our way home. Sir Charles and Lady Grandison, Emilia and another Lady rode in one carriage on before ; we were with Dr. Bartlett in the chaise. We had not travelled above three miles, when we saw a poor blind old man sitting very sorrowful under a tree. Charles stopped the carriage. Pray, dear sir, said he, look at that man, he appears blind and wretched ; he has nobody with him, pray let me speak to him. He quickly received permission, and jumped out of the carriage. Who are you, my honest friend ? said he ; who has left you alone in such a solitary place ? Alas ! answered the blind man, I am very poor, I came out this morning to beg in the neighbouring village, and my leader, a cruel boy, has left me to myself, because I had not collected enough to pay him as usual. Ah ! replied Charles, the sun is already set,

set, it will soon be dark ; and what will you then do ? I must perish, if God, who is my only refuge, does not send some one to help me. No, answered Charles, you shall not perish ; God has sent me to help you.—Dear Dr. Bartlett, let me be so happy as to save an unfortunate blind man left alone, and who might have been lost, if we had not met with him ! The night comes on apace, where would this distressed fellow-creature go without a guide ? We cannot be far from his house, do take him into the chaise, I will ride behind, that you may not be incommoded. Dr. Bartlett would not allow him to do so, but made room for the poor man. Any other but Charles would, probably, instead of offering to ride behind, have been ashamed of being seen with a man in such ragged clothes ; but he, on the contrary, seemed to find pleasure in his company. In short, we only went a mile

a mile out of our way ; and when we left him at his cottage door, I saw Charles slip some money into his hand, while he modestly received the old man's blessing.

Dr. Bartlett highly commended this act of humanity when we reached home. But, said Emilia, the man in rags must have appeared an odd figure in such a fine carriage. I never thought of that, sister, answered Charles, I was so glad to seize an opportunity of doing good—and felt myself so warmly interested about the old man's preservation. Nobly done, my son, said Sir Charles. Observe, Emilia, your brother has made a triumphal car of his carriage, which has done him more honour than those the victorious Romans, whose history you are all reading, made for their heroes ; he has saved the life of his brother—a poor wanderer in the dark ; yet, forlorn as he appeared, that God who allows

allows us to enjoy the cheerful light of day, cares for him, and Jesus Christ would have felt compassion for him ; in his eyes the good only were great. Come to my arms, my son, you rejoice your father's heart. We were all silent for a few moments, and tears stood in our eyes—and I prayed that I might glad my mother's heart. Farewel, my dearest mother, love your

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XII.

Miss EMILIA GRANDISON to Miss CHARLOTTE L.—.

I SEND you a small landscape which I have drawn myself, my dear cousin. It is not very valuable I know ; but I hope to improve as I grow older, and then I well send you one done in a superior style ; but pray hang this in your chamber, and then you will often think of me.

I wish now to ask your advice ; next Thursday is mama's birth-day, can you not transcribe for me some verses out of that pretty book you have, which I would present to my mother to express my respect and good wishes, and to shew her—No,—I believe it would not be right—No, do not do it ; I will try to express my wishes in my own words.—

Why

Why should mama have stolen verses? I love her dearly, and I think I can easily say what gratitude and love inspires; and should my foolish tongue falter, surely she will be able to read in every turn of my face, the sincere affection which warms my heart. I will then think of what this good mother has done for me, what misfortunes she preserved me from; next to God, my thanks are due to her. Indeed I do love her, and I will endeavour to shew my gratitude by my attention to her most trivial commands or wishes; and I hope, I shall never through thoughtlessness occasion her a moment's uneasiness: I should hate myself if I did.

For the future, dear cousin, I will earnestly pray to God to spare my father and mother, the dearest earthly blessings I enjoy. The thought of losing them depresses my spirits:—O may God long preserve them! Yes, yes, with these

senti-

sentiments, I shall know very well how to wish mama many returns of the day we are to celebrate. I have net her a purse, during our play hours; I mean to surprise her—she will see that Emilia thinks of her.

Adieu, dear Charlotte, love your affectionate cousin

EMILIA.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

Mrs. D— to WILLIAM.

You learn natural philosophy, my son ; consider it as the road to the most sublime knowledge, that of tracing the Creator in his works. His wisdom is conspicuous in the most minute of his productions ; all are done well. Observing this uncommon harmony, you will every day love God—love goodness more and more. Sentiments of respect will be implanted in your heart, an awful reverential affection for the great Ruler of the universe ; which affection, if it is active, virtue will flow from, founded on just principles.

Continue to send me an account of your conversations and your observations ; they afford me pleasure, and impress

press the important instructions you receive on your own mind. Be ever thankful to your benefactors, my William ; and remember, your diligent attention to your exercises, will be the surest proof of your gratitude. Neglect not a moment ; it is the only way to answer the noble purposes you were created to pursue. What agreeable conversations we shall have together when you return ; you have—and will in future gladden your mother's heart. God will bless you for it.

Your little sister begins to write very tolerably. Mama, said she to me, the other day, I see it is good to learn to write, for else my brother and you could not tell any thing to each other ; it is the same as if he was with you. I hope to be able to write to him myself soon ; and then he will answer my letter, and I shall have a letter. I love you very much, mama, for teaching me ; I will be

be always good, because you are so good. What must I do, to shew you how thankful I am? Learn well, Annette, replied I. How, answered she, that is for my own good! I should be unhappy, I could never write to my brother, if I did not. She joins with me in love. Adieu.

D.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM *to his MOTHER.*

I THANK you, dear mother, for your kind letter ; it is so long since you wrote to me, I was almost afraid you were displeased with me. Hear what I do, I always carry your last letter in my bosom, then I can read it often, and remember the lessons you give me. I love dearly my little sister Annette, she is so good, and so dutiful to you. Miss Emilia sends her a fine doll, I am sure it will please her.

Yesterday was the birth-day of Lady Grandison. Charles was up an hour earlier than usual, and when I awoke I found him, for we sleep together, busy, praying to God for his dear mother ; we read some chapters in the New-

Testament, and then Charles dressed himself in his new clothes. You perhaps may wonder at this ; but I will tell you how it was. About a month ago Charles and Edward had each a new summer suit, and were allowed to choose the colour themselves. Edward wore his as soon as it came home ; but Charles said that he would keep his till some holiday, and this was the holiday he fixed on. He was soon dressed, and we joined Emilia, who stood ready at our chamber door waiting for us.

We hastened to the breakfast parlour. Charles was the first to congratulate his mother on this occasion ; Emilia followed him, and gave her a purse, she had privately net : Charles, I forgot to mention, had plucked a nosegay of his finest flowers. I in like manner discharged my duty as well as I could, at least with a sincere heart, for I love my benefactors. Edward came into the room soon

after ;

after ; but he approached Lady Grandison in a careless manner, and seemed to be thinking of something else.

We all received some presents—mine was a microscope, the thing of all others I wished for ; how kind it was of Lady Grandison to think of my wishes. You will be pleased with it, and I will instruct Annette, she shall see the wonders I have admired.

WILLIAM.

L E T-

LETTER XV.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

I HAVE here new pleasures every day, dear mother ; your William is now become a gardener. Will you help me, said Charles, the day before yesterday ? and if you like it, I will lay out my garden in another manner. It is now full of flowers ; but it affords me not sufficient employment : I would wish to change a part of it at least into a kitchen-garden. My answer was ready. We accordingly went each with a small spade to work, and quickly dug up the whole garden. The next day we made a small bed for the flowers, and ranged them in due order. We rose very early to work, before the sun was intolerably warm ; the gardener gave us some seeds which are proper to

sow this month. Now we only desire to see them come up, and intend carefully to weed them. How pleasant it will be, to see the plants shoot out of the ground !

I have seen many wonderful things every day of my life without observing them ; but Dr. Bartlett and Charles have taught me to see God in a tree, a flower, a worm ; we converse about them. I will relate a conversation we had yesterday. Charles has an aviary, he is very fond of his birds ; we had done our work in the garden, and took a walk with Emilia.

CHARLES.

Excuse me, I must leave you a moment ; I recollect that I have not taken care of my birds. We both desired to accompany him.

W I L -

WILLIAM.

Pretty creatures, they seem as if they belonged to you.

CHARLES.

That they do certainly, because they are accustomed to eat out of my hand.

WILLIAM.

They appear to know you, but how do they distinguish betwixt you and me?

CHARLES.

It is certain that they have the power to discern, for I have often seen, when I come with my hat on they fly away; and I conclude from that circumstance, this faculty of discernment, which I am sure they possess, is very weak, or they would always know me.

EMILIA.

You are very good to your birds, brother; but Edward let his linnet die

with hunger. If I was to do so, I should never forgive myself.

CHARLES.

It would be cruel, indeed, to confine the poor creatures, where they cannot get any thing to eat ; and then to neglect them.

EMILIA.

But may I ask you something, Charles ? Would it not be more noble if you was to give them their liberty ? They sit there like prisoners ; we only confine bad people, and these poor birds have not done wrong.

CHARLES.

No, they are not unhappy in their confinement ; God has created them for our pleasure, though we displease him when we treat them with cruelty.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

They must yet, I think, be uneasy, when they see others flying in the open air, and themselves shut up.—We should not be satisfied.

CHARLES.

They cannot reason as we can. If we were shut up, we should say to ourselves, how disagreeable it is to be confined ; and how precious is liberty. But birds have not any idea of this difference. If we give them plenty to eat and drink they are content, without wishing for what they have not. That linnet of Edward's, you just now mentioned, as long as he had something, he eat it up, without any anxiety for the future. A sign, that he had not the power of reflecting. A man, on the contrary, would be afraid of want, if his provisions began to fail ; and then he

would eat sparingly ; but a bird has not any conception of wanting food—much less his liberty.

I will only add, that I am your affectionate son,

WILLIAM.

L E T-

LETTER XVI.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

SIR Charles and his Lady went yesterday to pay a visit, and took Emilia and Edward with them. Charles and I remained at home with Dr. Bartlett. After our lessons were finished, we requested him to walk with us ; the evening was very fine, the sun was setting. Dr. Bartlett proposed ascending a neighbouring hill, that we might see the sun set—for, said he, it is a fine sight.

CHARLES.

You have often told me, Sir, that the sun did not move, but the earth on which we live goes round the sun. If so, why do you say, the sun sets ?

D 4

D R.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

That is a manner of speaking which has been taken from the earliest times, and the term is generally used, though the same sense is not annexed to it. They thought formerly that the sun moved round the earth, which it seems to do; but we now know better, after further enquiries, and various observations.

C H A R L E S.

Should we then say that the sun moves?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

If you were in a boat, you would say with as much propriety, that the land and the trees moved, by which you sailed; and yet they do not move.

C H A R L E S.

That is true, I have often observed it; but how comes it, that we do not feel the motion of the earth?

D R.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

Because you are accustomed to it from your birth, and the motion of so vast a body cannot be felt by so small a creature as man is, in proportion. The sun is much larger than the earth; thus it is most reasonable to conceive, arguing from what we know of the wisdom of the great Mover, that the earth goes round the sun, than that the sun moves round the earth.

W I L L I A M.

And is the sun, Sir, so very large?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

It is well known to astronomers, that the sun is above a million of times bigger than the earth: judge then how large it must be.

W I L L I A M.

But how do you know all this?

D 5

D R.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

By careful investigation ; and as you are fond of reading, you may yourself be convinced of it ; Charles will lend you the Spectacle de la Nature *. In that excellent book you will find instruction delivered in an easy manner.

C H A R L E S.

But I must yet ask you, Sir, how can the sun, which you say is about ninety-five millions of miles from us, give us so much warmth and light ?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

That is truly a great miracle of almighty Power.

W I L L I A M.

I am glad I know that the sun is so large. Many think it is not larger than it appears to us.

* On this subject a more useful book has been lately published, entitled, An Introduction to Astronomy.

3

D R.

DR. BARTLETT.

The further any thing is from us, the smaller it appears ; as that kite for instance, it will appear much less in the air, than it does on the ground..

CHARLES.

Certainly ; and this is also a proof, that the sun must be amazingly great, because that it is at such an immense distance from us. The moon, by the same rule, must be very large.

DR. BARTLETT.

The moon is large ; but much less than the earth. There are stars which are of a much superior magnitude.

WILLIAM.

We should not think so.

DR. BARTLETT.

That arises from the stars being still further from us than the moon.

WILLIAM.

And is the moon also a globe of fire?

D R. BARTLETT.

No. The moon is a dark body, it receives its light from the sun.

CHARLES.

All the stars which we see, have their names I suppose?

D R. BARTLETT.

Not all; we have given names to some of them, that we may better distinguish them.

CHARLES.

I feel a great desire to be an astronomer; it must be a very pleasing study.

D R. BARTLETT.

That desire should be encouraged; you will by this science learn rightly to know the great power of your Creator. View the setting sun—what a glorious

rious scene ! We should without it be very miserable. All would lie in dreadful darkness. It affords us light, and it brings an agreeable warmth to the earth ; it makes the fruit and grass grow : the earth could not bring forth without the sun's influence.

CHARLES.

There, the sun is set.—How comes it that it is not now immediately dark ?

DR. BARTLETT.

That arises from the flexibility of its beams, which we will enquire into another time ; your laudable curiosity pleases, me. Let us now reflect what great benefit we receive from God's allowing the darkness to come on so gradually. Would it not be dreadful if we came in a moment from clear light into thick darkness ?

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Very true, Sir ; it would damp our spirits, and the night would then always surprise us before we were aware of it.

DR. BARTLETT.

It is indeed happy for us that the night comes and goes away imperceptibly. If we passed out of darkness into light in a moment, our eyes would be blinded by the sudden glare ; and the surprise would discompose our minds. The wisdom of the Almighty Creator appears thus in every thing.

CHARLES.

I never yet thought of that benefit, when I have seen the sun set. I am glad, Sir, that you have pointed it out to me, for it will make me more thankful for the divine goodness.

DR.

DR. BARTLETT.

I will send for my telescope, and then you will have a nearer view of the moon. And to-morrow morning I will call you very early, and we will see the sun rise—you will find it equally beautiful.

Dear mother, how happy I am to learn all this. I already feel more love and reverence for God, the cause of all these wonders, than I had before. If I grew ever so tall, I should not think myself a man, till I knew something of the works of God.—Can a man be wise who sees him not in every surrounding object? Charles and I intend to make all the enquiries we possibly can—we will try to be good and wise.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

WE were this morning, mama, at half past two, in the fields, to see the beautiful scene of the sun rising. Edward would not go with us, he rather chose to sleep. He is very lazy, and ignorant of course, Dr. Bartlett says. Yet, though he plays much more than we do, he is not so happy; he often seems not to know what to do with himself, idleness making the hours so heavy. He wishes for his meals long before the time, and torments insects and animals wantonly to shorten the tedious interval. I heard Sir Charles say, the other day, he feared he would never be a man in understanding. That instead of rising gradually to a man, he was sinking into a brute. But I must relate

our

our conversation. The stars were yet visible when we went out.

CHARLES.

My father has promised me some excellent books, Sir.

DR. BARTLETT.

The books of wise writers, are useful to make us more easily understand what we see and experience ; but our own eyes may teach us a great deal. The Book of Nature, the heavens, with all the stars and planets ; this earth on which we are, with all its productions and creatures, is the best book ; but others will serve as guides.

CHARLES.

See, Sir, I think it is lighter.

DR. BARTLETT.

Observe now, how the stars begin to grow dim, before the approaching light of the sun.

WILLIAM.

I thought always that the stars went away, when it was day light.

D R. BARTLETT.

There are some which have their appointed revolutions; and others which are stationary; these we call the fixed stars.

CHARLES.

Are there stars then by day as well as by night?

D R. BARTLETT.

Certainly. But the stronger light of the sun, makes the fainter light of the stars invisible.

CHARLES.

How beautiful the trees and fields begin to appear.

D R. BARTLETT.

Yes. What just now appeared a scene of confusion, is changed into a charming country.

country. The fields, which were before not to be distinguished, now seem green, and decked with a thousand flowers. The light gives all again their colours.

CHARLES.

What you say is remarkable. I begin to imagine that the light gives the colours.

DR. BARTLETT.

Without light, would not all be black? But this is a subject you cannot understand, till you have read and considered things more maturely. See there, the sun begins to appear. What think you of that sight?

CHARLES.

Can it be, that most men spend this hour in sleep?

DR. BARTLETT.

Such men make themselves unworthy the favours of their Maker. The glorious

rious fun, which is sent to make us joyful, to warm us, and to nourish us, well deserves that we should sometimes rise to bid it welcome.

CHARLES.

Pray let us often behold the rising of the sun. We sometimes spend money to see a fine scene; and this scene, which we can have for nothing, beyond measure surpasses what can be done by the art of man.

Dr. Bartlett then was moving homewards; but we requested him to prolong his walk, as the morning was fine, and we knew they would not wait breakfast for us. But this letter is already too long, and I must attend my drawing-master; you shall hear the rest soon.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I HAVE not forgotten what I promised you, dear mother. No, you have told me we should always remember what we promise.

CHARLES.

How beautifully green the fields are.

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes, that green enlivens the prospect, and does not require much cultivation : a common blessing we often overlook, though our gratitude on that very account should be excited.

CHARLES.

The garden gives us more flowers, and a greater variety.

DR.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

You are mistaken ; the field flowers are innumerable. Look round about you, and you will see that I have reason to say so.

W I L L I A M.

But then the fruits which the garden produces.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

These fruits are the gift of our Creator, for which you ought to be thankful ; but believe me, these blades on which we tread are of yet greater value. They support the cattle who yield us such delicate food, milk, butter, and cheese. The useful horse here renews his strength ; and the sheep, whose wool answers so many purposes, which keeps us warm both day and night, nip the short grass every where spread. And all this happens without our labour, or any great care ; while the fruits and the flowers

flowers in the garden, require perpetual attention. Certainly we find here a much greater proof of God's goodness than in our flower garden. This grafts is necessary, my friends, but the flowers and the fruits we could live without.

CHARLES.

These wild flowers are very pretty ; why do we set so little value on them ?

DR. BARTLETT.

Because we accustom ourselves to consider things in a wrong point of view ; and to imagine those of little value which we obtain without art or labour. Come, my young friends, let us correct this mistake ; let us not undervalue even the grafts ; let us always acknowledge it to be the liberal gift of heaven, intended to support both man and beast.

WILLIAM.

Look what a quantity of fish, that rivulet contains.

CHARLES.

They are beautiful creatures; how can they live in the water? Most other animals would die.

DR. BARTLETT.

God has given the fish another kind of body; because they were designed for the water, to inhabit the great deep. They have fins to move themselves from place to place; and besides that, the tail is of great use to them in swimming; and the fins, which they have on their backs and bellies, enable them to keep themselves upright.

CHARLES.

But how can they breathe; have they any air in the water?

DR.

DR. BARTLETT.

You must have observed, that they first draw the water in, and then immediately spurt it out again: they obtain by this continual motion, the air which is necessary.

CHARLES.

You have well said, my dear Sir, that in every thing the great wisdom of God is displayed: for this is truly wonderful.

DR. BARTLETT.

There are yet greater wonders to be seen in the world of waters.—Would you think, that in a single drop of water, there are thousands of living creatures, which you cannot see with your naked eye?

WILLIAM.

In a single drop of water?

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DR.

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes. And to convince yourself of this, you have only to use your microscope, and you will plainly see an innumerable quantity of creatures sporting in the comparatively small space.

CHARLES.

You fill me with astonishment. Pray let us go home directly, I long to view this new world of creatures.

Dr. Bartlett commended his curiosity. We returned home; and after we had swallowed a hasty breakfast, carried a glass of the river water into our playroom. We soon saw that what Dr. Bartlett said was true. Certainly, my dear mother, that glass of water was a sea full of all sorts of creatures, of wonderful forms. I never thought that there were such small living creatures. How admirable is the wisdom of God! for you recollect that so small a body must have

mem-

members and bowels, as perfect for the purposes of life as the largest animal. We have discovered all this through the assistance of the microscope ; but my letter would be too long, if I was to relate all that we have discovered. Bless your son, my mother. Adieu.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XIX.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

SIR Charles and Lady Grandison have been for some days from home ; but Dr. Bartlett is with us. The house-keeper, and all the servants, consult Emilia, and she, in the most modest manner, tells them what she knows her mother wishes them to do. She is not allowed to command any of them ; the house-keeper in particular, a respectable woman, Lady Grandison said, ought not to receive orders from a child ; but she behaves with such propriety, they are all eager to oblige her ; indeed she follows her brother's example. Edward, on the contrary, does nothing but romp and wrestle, and afterwards quarrel with them. He hates all employment ; I should imagine,

gine, those who do not learn when they are young, must appear very foolish when they are old. You shall hear what Charles said to him yesterday. Charles, Emilia, and I sat on one side of the room, drawing; while Edward tied a thread to a beetle—and often he would jump, as if by accident, against our chairs, to disturb us and make us leave our employment. Charles spoke to him,

CHARLES.

Ah, Edward, what pleasure can you find in torturing a poor insect? It turns me sick to see you; pray let it go!

EDWARD.

And what do you do, when you and William set the butterflies on a needle to look at them through your fine microscope? That pleases you, and this pleases me.

CHARLES.

If William and I set the butterflies on a needle, only for our amusement, it would be wrong; but we do it to instruct ourselves—yet, though we seek instruction, I could not bear to torture them; the sight of their agonies would engross my whole attention. Dr. Bartlett has taught me to kill them expeditiously without injuring their appearance. I then gratify my curiosity without hardening my heart, for that tender-hearted man, our dear tutor, often says, that even the attainment of knowledge cannot compensate for a quick emotion of benevolence, banished by a habit of thoughtless cruelty. He wishes to make me wise; but still more ardently to incite me to practise goodness, to shew kindness to the insects who crawl under my feet; and to let my love mount up from them to the beings, who, while they

they enjoy the blessings of heaven, can recognize the hand which bestows them.

EDWARD.

Well, if you will come with me into the garden, I will let it go.

CHARLES.

That is to say, that if I refuse to go with you, you will continue to torment the poor insect. It is not it's fault if I do not go with you—surely this is not right; but I will accompany you.

EMILIA.

It begins to rain.

CHARLES.

Shall I read to you? I have got a very entertaining book.

EDWARD.

You know I do not love reading.

CHARLES.

So you do not desire to converse with men.

E D W A R D.

Well, yes.—What then?

C H A R L E S.

Books speak ; and make us wiser, while we are amused.

E D W A R D.

I do not desire to be learned ; but to be an officer.

E M I L I A.

A fine officer, who will not know how to read or write intelligibly !

E D W A R D.

Now, Charles, preach, as you did the other day about cards.

C H A R L E S.

I reproved your too great fondness for cards. You are angry if you lose ; and those who cannot play with temper, in my opinion, ought never to play at all. It is not amiss to know how to play, because

because that cards are so much used in company, and it enables one to oblige those who are fond of this amusement. I do not find any pleasure in it; and I hope never, from a false pride, to be induced to play for more than I can afford to lose.

EMILIA.

Poor Mr. Beverley, who died last week, and left his family in great distress, my mama told me, first played to avoid being laughed at, and called a mean spirited man. He went on from one thing to another, till he spent his whole fortune, and ruined his constitution. His wife actually took in needle-work to support him during his last illness, though she had been educated to expect better things. He died in an obscure lodging, a burden to the woman he ought to have been a comfort to; and left his half-starved babes, to weep over the lifeless body of their inconside-

rate parent. I wept too—when I heard of it.

The conversation was interrupted, but I must tell you Emilia had tears in her eyes, when she told us about poor Mr. Beverley's children. I remember now I used to be vexed when young Dulis laughed at me, and called me a coward, when I refused to do mischief; and mean, when I saved my money, though I intended to give it to a poor blind man; but he did not know that. I do not like to tell any one but yourself that I give most part of my allowance to the poor; it would look as if I wanted to be praised, and that the love of praise was my motive; but indeed it is not, the pleasure I feel at the moment, is a sufficient reward. Besides, I think I resemble my dear mother, and I am happy.—I am sure you will love me, if I practise virtue.

WILLIAM.

LETT-

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

ONE of the servants has been very ill. You cannot think how compassionately Emilia attended her. She rose very early this morning to carry her some refreshment, and tried to amuse her. She requested Dr. Bartlett to send for a physician ; and she took as much care of her as if the poor girl had been her own sister. Edward reproached her. It well becomes you, said he, to be sure, to wait on the maid. And why not, answered she ; you play with the servant to amuse yourself (and such a degree of familiarity is indeed improper) and I take care of the maid, through pity. A servant is a human being ; we are differently educated, I cannot make them my companions, but I will ever try to

treat them humanely — and remember that they are my fellow-creatures, when they are in distress. Edward was ashamed and ran out of the room. My mother, I thought, always acted in the same manner. I remember well, when our Hannah had the fever, that you took care of her yourself. But it brings to my remembrance something, which makes me sorrowful. How unfortunate you are ! Here are so many servants, and you, my poor mother, have only a little girl to assist you ; you yourself are obliged to do many things—a colonel's widow should have servants to wait on her ; it is mean to work, and do not people despise you for being reduced to such a condition ? When I am a man, and have increased my fortune, you shall have servants, and live as a gentlewoman ought to live.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Mrs. D— to WILLIAM.

I ADMIRE Emilia, she is a good, and a pleasing girl ; there is not a more amiable virtue than compassion. It is much to be wished that all young ladies would take her for their pattern ; and, instead of falling into the two shameful extremes, familiarity and haughtiness, which are often to be observed in the same character, they would treat their servants with humanity and decent kindness. You know how frequently I have praised you for your affability to your inferiors.—But, William, why are you grieved that I have but one servant ? A number of servants are not necessary ; they ~~serve~~ more for shew than use. Had I riches, I would try not to waste the

precious deposit ; I would live according to my station. And while my own real and artificial wants were supplied, I should think with pleasure, that though so many servants were not necessary to wait on me, I enabled some industrious fellow-creatures to earn an honest livelihood ; and by humane treatment made their labour pleasant. But since it has not pleased heaven to give me riches, I am content, and thankful that I can keep a girl to do the most laborious and menial part of my household business, which I could not do without injuring my health, and neglecting your sister's education. I am not in absolute need of any more assistance. And what now is that employment, which, you say, is unbecoming the widow of a colonel ? You wrote hastily, it is not dishonourable to serve ourselves when we cannot afford to pay for the services of others. It will be more satisfaction to you, to be

be able to say, after my death, my mother provided her own dinner; her clothes were the work of her hands; her œconomy made up for the deficiencies of fortune; and her virtues made her respectable; than if you heard your parent reproached, for living according to her rank, and birth. She had a fine house, rich furniture, a number of servants; but she has left nothing behind her; and what is still worse, has injured several industrious people who trusted to her honour. What would then be the son of a colonel? A despised youth, who, though innocent, must blush for his mother's want of thought and justice. The son of a reputable tradesman, would scarcely acknowledge him as an equal; but I have said enough, I hope, to dissipate your false pride and concern for me: you find I am satisfied with my station. Again let me tell you, your letters are a

comfort

comfort to me ; was I much poorer than I am, I should still esteem myself rich in the possession of such a son.

Farewel, my dear William, regulate and follow the good inclinations I have endeavoured to cultivate, then you will not only be the comfort of your mother, but the protector of your sister.

D.

L E T-

LETTER XXII.

EMILIA GRANDISON to *Lady Grandison.*

WE have been greatly alarmed, dear mother. Mr. Wilson's house was last night burned to the ground. Oh what frightful flames ! The air was as red as blood ; my heart beat very strong, I trembled lest the family should be destroyed in their beds.—It was dreadful to see such devastation by fire ; how careful we ought to be to avoid the sudden horror of so terrible a calamity. If they had been careful, this misfortune would not have happened ; the two Miss Wilsons were the occasion of it. They had in the evening, without its being observed, lighted a fire in their play-room ; and spread the coals on the hearth to bake privately some cakes.

The

The fire must certainly have caught the boards ; but they did not perceive it ; as they were interrupted before the cakes were half baked, and obliged to go to their mother, who called for them. They swallowed hastily the unwholesome, and even unpalatable cakes, and shut the door without thinking any more about it. The flames did not burst out till the whole family had been some time fast asleep. There is not any thing saved. All the furniture, clothes, and the stock of the farm were reduced to ashes. The poor girls escaped with only a single petticoat on ; and Mrs. Wilson was with difficulty rescued from the devouring flames, which consumed all her substance.

What will now become of that pride, which made the Miss Wilsons treat with such disdain the neighbouring farmers daughters, because they were their inferiors in birth and fortune—and now they

they are happy to find a shelter in the houses they despised. Indeed, mama, I will obey you, and ever behave with kindness to my inferiors. But I have something else to tell you, and I am sure you will not be angry with me; I sent some of my clothes to the Miss Wilson, who is about my size; I have more than I want—and surely, mama, if that was not the case, I ought cheerfully to bear a trifling inconvenience to do a fellow-creature an essential service. Wearing for the first time new clothes, never gave me half the pleasure—no, it cannot be compared with what I felt, when I gave away my old ones. I did not send my best (though I would have parted with them without feeling any reluctance) as I thought, common clothes would suit her better. Farewell, dear mother.

EMILIA.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

Young GRANDISON to his FATHER.

I AM just returned, my dear father, from visiting poor Mr. Wilson. Emilia has written my mother an account of the dreadful accident which happened last night; and I wish, ardently wish, to alleviate the distress I could scarcely behold without tears—indeed I believe I should have wept, if I had not been full of a plan, which darted into my head, when I heard the grey-headed old man lament the disaster, which, in the course of one night, swept away the hard-earned fruits of many toiling years. To be plunged into poverty, said he, when my strength faileth me, and even the

the sweat of my brow will not procure the necessaries of life—is sad. And so it is; now I will tell you what I have thought of. You know my uncle left me five thousand pounds—I think it a great fortune, and I can surely spare two hundred to help Mr. Wilson out of his extreme distress; that sum would be sufficient to stock another farm. I shall be rich enough, and the more so, as you are so good as to let the interest accumulate. I beg, Sir, you will not refuse my humble request—I shall have more satisfaction in relieving this unfortunate man, than ever my two hundred pounds can give. To rescue from poverty an industrious man and his family, what a blessing! In this respect, let me be like my father, who is himself so benevolent,—who has taught me to be compassionate. Were you but here, I would throw myself at your feet, and—

but

but it is enough, you will judge if my request merits your attention ; my duty is submission, and I know I need not try to persuade you—you will at once do what appears to you right.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

L E T-

LETTER XXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON to his SON.

You have learned of me, you say, to be compassionate. It has ever been my wish and endeavour, to make your heart feel the miseries of your fellow-creatures; and I have laboured to inculcate the virtue, which next to the love, the goodness of God ought to inspire, is the noblest ornament of our nature. The request you make is a proof of the warm generosity of your heart: and so praise worthy a desire merits a reward. The fresh discovery I have made of your benevolent disposition, is of more value, in my estimation, than the two hundred pounds, which you will find enclosed. Go, my Charles, make glad poor Wilson's

son's heart, and taste the delight, which flows from benevolence. But let me tell you, the legacy must not be touched before you are of age: it was entrusted to my care as a guardian, and not as a father.

GRANDISON.

LET.

LETTER XXV.

Lady GRANDISON to EMILIA.

You were right, my dear Emilia, when you imagined I could not be angry with you for following the humane dictates of your heart. As a proof of my approbation of your conduct, and to reward you for it, I will give you another opportunity of experiencing the pleasure which arises from benevolence. You will find in my drawers a piece of calico; send for the mantua-maker, and desire her to make Mrs. and Miss Wilson a dress immediately. I know this commission will afford you more pleasure, than if I gave it you for yourself. But, my Emilia, why did you mention their faults, when you related the circumstances which made them truly ob-

jects to excite my commiseration. You might silently have determined to behave properly to your inferiors, without exhibiting the disagreeable picture of their haughtiness, when it was receiving a severe chastisement. Never, my child, add to the miseries of others, even though the sufferers should be unworthy.—Be tender-hearted in every sense of the word. I do not mean to chide you, when I point out an error; you are a good girl.—You were judicious in not sending your best clothes; you considered the wants of the person you wished to assist, and your generosity had not that tincture of vanity which very frequently degrades it. Always, my child, desire rather to do good, than to display your goodness: remember that the best of Beings notes your secret thoughts; and that it is truly noble to have sometimes his approbation singly in view.

Fare-

Farewel, forget not the useful lesson you have given yourself, never to be proud of clothes or furniture ; an unforeseen casualty might deprive you of them, and even the riches which procured them. “ Lay up then a treasure “ in heaven ; where neither rust, nor “ moth can corrupt ; nor thieves break “ through and steal.”

HARRIOT GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES *to his Father.*

WHAT a pleasure you have allowed me to enjoy, my dear father! indeed I know not how to thank you for it; but I will tell you how happy you have made Mr. Wilson, and that will reward you. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed the hand I held out;—but I must relate the particulars. Mr. Wilson has a great spirit; I was afraid it would hurt him to receive a present from a boy; I wished to have put it in his snuff-box, to have avoided hurting his delicacy; but I could not contrive to do it unobserved. I then offered to lend him the sum he wanted, and refused a note he would have given me, and ran out of the house—I did not want

want thanks—I rather wished to thank God for permitting me to relieve a fellow-creature.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and dutiful son,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

WE went yesterday with Dr. Bartlett to visit a farm-house, where there are some bee-hives. I had often heard of bees, but I never saw them work before. What wonderful little creatures ! but I will give you our conversation.

EMILIA.

Will not these bees hurt us, Sir ?

DR. BARTLETT.

No. But we must not make any violent noise ; we must approach them softly. Look, you may imagine you view a whole city, well peopled ; where every one does his best to earn a subsistence in an honest way : none here stand idle.

idle. What a lesson for the sluggard who wastes his time in idleness, and is a burden to himself and others.

EMILIA.

Have they made those little holes entirely themselves?

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes. They are always employed; they take care in the summer to provide food for the winter; and build themselves little rooms in which they are preserved from the cold. They pay also a necessary attention to cleanliness; they carefully throw out any accidental dirt, and the dead bees.

WILLIAM.

But, Sir, if it should happen that a snail, or any other insect enters the hive, would they immediately drive it away?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

When they find such an insect, after they have killed it, they enclose it in wax, so that no damage can arise from it.—Observe what harmony reigns in the hive; every one has his particular post. One flies out to gather honey; another takes care of the wax; and a third has his business in the hive. They who remain at home, come to the entrance of the hive, to take the load from those who fly abroad: and this way they relieve and help each other. We may then justly compare them to a virtuous family; where every one is diligently employed to make his companions happy.

C H A R L E S.

But I think I see one much larger than the rest.

D R.

DR. BARTLETT.

You are quick-sighted, it is the queen you see, and they pay her all possible respect: there is never more than one queen in a swarm.

CHARLES.

Bees are of great use to us.

DR. BARTLETT.

Certainly. We should without them, have neither honey nor wax; which are both very useful for various purposes.

WILLIAM.

But, Sir, is it not hard that we should rob the bees of their honey, which they have so industriously gathered for themselves?

DR. BARTLETT.

It would be cruel, indeed, if we did not leave them a sufficient quantity. Providence, in the whole of creation,

considered the wants of man; yet did not neglect to supply those of the meanest of his creatures. We are allowed to govern them, and partake of the dainties they procure; but the master must not degenerate into a tyrant—a cruel spoiler.

EMILIA.

I never could endure bees, because they sting; but for the future I will love them.

DR. BARTLETT.

Do so, and remember that there are many other things which you despise, only because you cannot discern their use, or have not thought about it.

EMILIA.

What kind of an understanding have the bees?

DR.

DR. BARTLETT.

We distinguish it by the name of instinct. It is instilled at once; and does not grow gradually, and improve as our faculties, if properly employed, always will.

WILLIAM.

Are there no means to enable men to procure honey? for they see the bees collect it from the flowers and herbs.

DR. BARTLETT.

No certainly. We will look at a bee through the microscope, and then you will discover the instrument, with which they collect their treasure; an instrument which all the art of man cannot prepare.

Dr. Bartlett said very true; we took a bee home, and looked at it through our glafs—I wish I could give you a

F 6 descrip-

description of it ; but you shall see it in my microscope, when we meet in your little room, which I think of with more pleasure than the sight of the finest English house ever inspired.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

OH ! my dear mother, my friend Charles has scalded his leg, and cannot walk. Edward, who always does things rashly, was the occasion of it, by throwing down a kettle of boiling water. But I never saw such patience, such goodness as Charles possesses. Instead of being angry, he, on the contrary, concealed the pain he felt. It is nothing, said he, it has not hurt me much, do not make yourself uneasy Edward. But we soon perceived how it was, for his leg swelled so suddenly, they were obliged to cut his stocking, before they could get it off. Emilia began to cry, and upbraid Edward for his carelessness ; and thoughtlessly wished he had scalded him-

himself. Charles interrupted her; I do not wish any one to suffer, said he; be composed, dear sister, my leg will not, I hope, be much the worse. Edward did not do it on purpose, it was an accident; reproaches cannot mend the matter; and if it was worse we ought rather to encourage each other. He then sent for the house-keeper, and requested her to dress it—and hearing Dr. Bartlett's foot-step, entreated his sister not to mention Edward as the cause of the accident; your anger, he added, gives me more pain than the scald.

How happy it is when we can command such presence of mind—such composure in a moment. Tell me, does it not arise from thinking more of what others suffer, than the actual pain we ourselves endure? Had he been fretful, it would not have done him any good; I should have pitied, without admiring

him, as I now do.—But the pleasure I find in writing to my dear mother, makes me forget that he desired me to keep him company. I give you then a night kiss in the thoughts of my heart. Adieu.

WILLIAM.

LET.

LETTER XXIX.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

CHARLES begins to walk a little. I love him, and if I was not excited by affection, my sense of duty would prompt me to attend him now he is sick. Besides, I have much pleasure when we are alone together. We were yesterday busy with our glasses the whole afternoon. Dear mother, what amazing things there are which we cannot see with our naked eye. Should you think there are living creatures in a small grain of sand, and that those grains of sand contain small holes, in which they hide themselves. The mould that is in old cheese, appears like a wood of trees, with branches and leaves. In the hair of the head, we discovered a tube, through which a juice ran.

ran. Who would believe that small insects, scarcely visible, have blood vessels and bowels, constructed with as much care as those of the largest animals.

And the flowers, they are indeed beautiful. Come, said Charles, let us see the difference between the works of God and man. We employed our attention on the natural rose first; all was splendid and perfect: we then viewed an artificial rose; but what a difference! All was rough and disagreeable, and the beauty vanished. We looked at some highly polished steel; but it appeared like unwrought rusty iron. What then is the art of man, compared with the almighty power of the Creator? Nothing, indeed!—Oh that every body knew this! They would have more reverence for the Supreme Being. But what do we? We pluck a flower—we
keep

keep it some hours ; and then throw it away without thinking that the greatest effort of human art could not produce such another. We slowly labour—but God spoke—and it was done.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

SIR Charles and Lady Grandison are expected this afternoon. We are all glad, the servants join in the general joy. Is it not a good sign, when the servants are attached to their masters? I will endeavour to be good and humane, when I am a man, it is so delightful to be loved.

But I must again speak of my friend Charles. Dr. Bartlett asked us after breakfast if we would take a short walk. Charles, who is much better, desired to be excused going with us. My leg, said he, is not quite well; if I walk much on it, my father and mother would perceive it, and I do not wish to give them a moment's uneasiness, I would
rather

rather lose the pleasure of the walk. He then remained in his chamber, and Emilia, Edward, and I, accompanied Dr. Bartlett, and we had the following conversation.

EMILIA.

Why is it not always summer, Sir ? The summer is far more delightful than the winter.

DR. BARTLETT.

If it was always summer, we should not enjoy as much pleasure as we do at present. The succession of the seasons rouses our attention, and gives variety to the year ; you would be tired of the most beautiful prospect, if it never varied. You have experienced this very often, I believe. Some months ago, I gave you an optic glass, and you were so pleased with it that you would leave off eating to amuse yourself with the wonders it discovered : now your curiosity sleeps,

sleeps, it is thrown aside; some months hence it may come in play again. So it is with the trees and flowers; the change of summer and winter is adapted to our nature, while the earth is allowed a resting time; during which it gathers fresh strength to bud forth in the beautiful livery of spring.

EMILIA.

I never viewed it in this light. Oh! there is a great frog.

DR. BARTLETT.

Why are you frightened; they will do you no harm.

EDWARD.

No, they do no harm.

EMILIA.

Dare you then touch one, Edward?

EDWARD.

Yes. Look at me, I will touch one.

DR.

DR. BARTLETT.

We may without danger touch a frog, if we only know how to distinguish it from a toad.—But it is most prudent not to play with any animal you are not acquainted with.

EMILIA.

Then it is right to be afraid of all sorts of creatures?

DR. BARTLETT.

By no means. You know, for example, that it gives you pain when you take hold of a nettle: have you then reason to cry out when you see a nettle? Those little creatures, even though provided with a weapon to defend themselves, or revenge an injury, will not seek you: they are more afraid of you than you of them.

W I L-

WILLIAM.

See, the frog jumps away when we come near it.

EMILIA.

But what say you of rats and mice?

EDWARD.

They fear us yet more. You have often seen how they run away, if they hear the least noise. I for my part am more afraid of fleas and gnats than of rats and mice. What do all these creatures in the world? They are of no use.

DR. BARTLETT.

How do you know that they are not serviceable? I think, nay, I am sure they are. All that we discover the cause of in God's works, is good: and our ignorance ought not to make us doubt of his goodness. A spider, for instance, you would say, is a disagreeable useless insect.

WILL-

WILLIAM.

I am afraid of a spider, Sir.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

That is a weakness, my dear William, which you must try to conquer; you shall draw some spiders for me. Now a spider, that insect so odious in your eyes, is of great service to us by his diligence. At the time that the grapes and other fruits begin to ripen, he spins a curious web to cover them from the flies and other insects, without doing the fruit any injury. And from this slight circumstance we may conclude with reason, that most things in the earth are serviceable, though we know not their particular use.

E M I L I A.

Look, William, what a fine house, I wish I lived in such a noble one.

D R.

DR. BARTLETT.

And why, Emilia; think you that that house, because it appears so stately, is more convenient than the one you inhabit?

EMILIA.

It is much larger, Sir.

DR. BARTLETT.

The family may be in proportion to its size, if not, great part of it is useless; you have in your's, all that you ought to desire.

EMILIA.

It looks well, I think, to live in such a fine house.

DR. BARTLETT.

My dear Emilia, that shewy appearance is chiefly for those that pass by, as you do now; there are possibly more wants in that house than in your's. Let us always try to be satisfied with

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what

what we have, for otherwise, if you had that house you would not be content, you would still see a better; and so you would never have done wishing.

We were silent a few moments, when Dr. Bartlett called hastily to Emilia, and desired her to cast her eyes on a decayed cottage, near the road side.

EMILIA. ♡

That looks miserable; there is but a small window in it: those who live in it can have very little light.

DR. BARTLETT.

But, miserable as it appears, your fellow-creatures live in it.

EMILIA.

They have reason to complain.

DR. BARTLETT.

Think you so? No. They are happy to have such an house. How many are there

there who have scarcely a covering to sleep under; and who, when it begins to be dark, benumbed with rain and cold, know not where to sleep.

EMILIA.

I am distressed. Ah, if all men were as well provided for as I am, that would quench the thirst of wishing.—But I see a poor boy, perhaps he is looking for a shelter.

DR. BARTLETT.

Very possibly.

He shall sleep this night under a roof, said Emilia, as she ran to give the boy something. I really pitied him, and gave him a trifle. The poor fellow looked pleased. How happy are the rich that they can give to the poor!

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXXI.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

YESTERDAY, when we returned home, we found Charles in the parlour waiting for us, and ready to receive his father and mother, who soon after arrived. He forgot the pain in his leg, and ran eagerly to meet them; indeed he loves his parents. We were this night to sup with Sir Charles and his Lady, a pleasure we do not often enjoy, as we go to bed early: they retired to settle some business, and we were left alone together while the cloth was laying. Emilia was just going to play us a tune, when we heard some china fall.

EDWARD.

Ha! there its broke; what clumsy asses those are.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

But, Edward, do not find fault so hastily ; you do not know yet what it is, nor how it has happened. The name of ass suits not a man.

EDWARD.

I know it is in pieces ; servants use things as if they cost nothing.

CHARLES.

I will go and see. I think the damage is not so great as you suppose.

EDWARD.

Now I will venture to lay you any wager, he will apologize for them.

EMILIA.

What then, he will do well ; would not you be glad if you had done wrong that he should apologize for you ? He has often taken your part.

EDWARD.

You shall see, he will befriend them ;
 - and come in as if nothing had hap-
 pened.

EMILIA.

Charles never tells lies, though he is
 compassionate, and will not aggravate a
 fault.

EDWARD.

Here he comes. One would think
 from his face, that he had done the
 mischief. Well, Charles, what is it ?
 Did I not guess right that it was broke
 to pieces ?

CHARLES.

It was, indeed, one of the best china
 plates ; but why are you so angry ? the
 loss is not irreparable.

EDWARD.

If I was Lady Grandison, I would
 make them pay for it ; it would teach
 them to be more careful another time.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

That would be hard for a servant, who ought to gain by his service. But, Edward, have you never had any accident—and are you sure you will always be careful?

EMILIA.

Yes. If it was but pouring boiling water over a person; that is much worse.

EDWARD.

Why do you trouble yourself about it? And, Charles, if you were a master, would you let your servants break and destroy with impunity?

CHARLES.

I do not believe there are any servants who break things on purpose. It is always by accident, and an accident should be excused.

EDWARD.

It is pure good-nature certainly. A careless servant will then with you never do wrong. But my aunt, I think, ought to know what is broken.

CHARLES.

I intend to tell her ; and to ask her to forgive the person who did it through thoughtlessness.

EDWARD.

And the person was one of the servants, who was it ?

CHARLES.

Suppose I should say you have done the mischief yourself ?

EDWARD.

I—That is truly a fine story.

CHARLES.

Did you not take a plate off the side-board to carry your dog some meat on : and

and did you not leave it near the hall door on a chair?

EDWARD.

Yes. But what of that?

CHARLES.

The servant in the dark threw it down.

EDWARD.

And could I help that? How came he to go in the dark?

EMILIA.

That we all do very often. You are to blame, the plate was set in an improper place; the servant could not imagine that it stood there.

EDWARD.

You are always prating, Miss.—But, Charles, my aunt need not hear of it, she will not miss a plate.

CHARLES.

Edward!—ah Edward! you were in a hurry to inform her when you imagined.

gined the blame would fall on another ; but you are less eager now you must bear the reproof yourself. Let this teach you not to be severe on others, as this accident must convince you, that you are not faultless. It is our own faults which make us so ready to mark the errors our fellow-creatures run into.

The supper came in, and during the repast, Charles mentioned the accident ; and a slight caution from Lady Grandison concluded the conversation.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

CHARLES has played Emilia and me a fine trick this morning, dear mother. Dr. Bartlett generally rises with the sun to take a walk before breakfast ; Charles, who was this morning just awake, heard him. He rose softly out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and ran down to ask him, in both our names, if we might go with him ; to which he consented. It was hardly light. Charles knocked at his sister's chamber door, Emilia, Emilia ! are you still asleep, you little think it is almost ten o'clock. Oh ! cried Emilia, what shall I do ? I am afraid my mama will be angry with me. Come dress yourself quickly, said Charles, I will speak a good word for

you. Emilia was quickly dressed ; she was ashamed of being so lazy.

In the mean while he came to me, and told me the same story. Eleven o'clock—is it possible ? But why did you not call me when you got up ? And how comes it to be so dark ? Does it rain ? That signifies nothing, he replied, it will soon clear up. Come, make haste, I want to go to Dr. Bartlett. Well, you would have laughed to have seen our astonishment, when Emilia and I found it was but five o'clock. And we were very glad we had a pleasant walk, and the following conversation.

CHARLES.

See there, our John and his son, already busy at their work.

D R.

DR. BARTLETT.

They rise with the sun, and begin their daily labour.

CHARLES.

Those people are certainly very laborious, and labour for little profit. I pity them, their situation is hard.

DR. BARTLETT.

Why, that little profit is sufficient to purchase content, if they are not vicious.

EMILIA.

But it is tiresome to be obliged to work from morning till night. All good men ought to be rich, I think.

DR. BARTLETT.

It would quite alter the nature of things. The strong and the weak must then dig their own ground; and the ingenious

genious would want a spur to assist the stupid. We must all make our own clothes ; manufactures and arts would be no more—industry would languish, and life not only lose its principal charms, but cease to be a probationary state, a field to exercise virtue in, and exert benevolence.

WILLIAM.

That is true, Sir.—But may I ask you something ? Does it not look as if God, who has appointed men to work, had less love for them than the rich ?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

Certainly not. God has an equal love for all, William, that are virtuous. A labourer in his low station, and in his poor cottage, is often happier than those who are exalted to high offices, and reside in noble palaces.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

The rich have servants to wait on them, while the poor labourer must continually work for his bread.

DR. BARTLETT.

They who serve themselves, are best served, my love, and labour is healthful.

EMILIA.

What a slender table is provided for the poor man—and how hard is his bed!

DR. BARTLETT.

It is so—and notwithstanding this, the poor eat their slender meal with a better relish, than the great have for the rarest delicacies of their tables. And they sleep sounder on their flock-beds than the rich on beds of down. Happiness consists

consists in being satisfied—that is the greatest riches on earth.

E M I L I A.

You make me easy, Sir. I understand it—God loves those men, and cares for them as well as the rich.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

Yes. God is the Father of the poorest wretch, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow; and he may call the greatest monarch brother: there is no difference, except what arises from degrees of goodness.

E M I L I A.

What fine cows.—They are very good to suffer themselves to be milked.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

You are mistaken, it is not goodness in those creatures; it is to the wise order of God that all the praise belongs. The milk would be burdensome

some to them, if we let them hold it, and for this reason they generally come, at the usual hour, to the place where they are milked.

WILLIAM.

It is certainly very happy for men, that there are cows, for milk is a great dainty.

DR. BARTLETT.

It is not only a dainty, but a useful necessary provision; without milk we should have neither butter nor cheese.

EMILIA.

And the sheep—I love the sheep they are so gentle.

CHARLES.

And they are of great value. Their wool serves to clothe us—where should we find warm covering for our beds if there were no sheep?

WIL-

WILLIAM.

What a good God we have !

EMILIA.

We ought to love him, because he has created all these creatures for us ;— but I know not why we kill them, and then eat them up ; it seems cruel.

DR. BARTLETT.

By no means. They were designed for us, for our food ; if we were to let all the sheep live, they would soon grow so numerous they would die for want of pasture.

EMILIA.

Then men do right, when they kill them ?

DR. BARTLETT.

It is necessary ; and they do not foresee, or taste the bitterness of death, if they are killed instantly.—Cruel, indeed,

deed, are those, who torment them—they sin against their own souls—and they will be judged without mercy who have not shewn any. He who is guilty of a cruel action has sapped the foundation of content; and the monster, no longer humane, enjoys not human comforts. Nor is he thoughtless, like the beasts of prey; conscience haunts him—he cannot hide himself, nor find darkness thick enough to conceal his crimes.

We now returned home, and found Sir Charles and his Lady already in the breakfast parlour. We mentioned the trick Charles had played us, they both laughed; but Sir Charles turned to him, I mean not gravely to reprove you, my son, only to point out to you, that truth is so sacred a thing it ought not to be jested with; lest a reverence for it should imperceptibly wear away, and

and leave the mind, stripped of its most beautiful ornament, to deck itself in gaudy rags.

Farewel, dear mother, I will try to remember all these useful lessons ; and to strengthen my good resolutions by your advice, write often to your

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

I MUST tell you of another walk which we had yesterday noon. The summer will soon be over, we take our pleasure while the weather is fine; and Dr. Bartlett says, we never can choose a more innocent diversion than a walk. It was very warm, and to avoid the heat of the sun darting directly over our heads, our friend conducted us to a wood, which is not far from the house. Emilia remained at home with her mother, who was a little indisposed; Emilia always cheerfully attends to her duty. But I will communicate the subjects we talked about.

CHARLES.

How agreeable is the shade of the trees!

D R. B A R T L E T T.

True, Charles. The woods appear designed for our delight; we find here a refreshing breeze in the heat of the day; and can think and talk, not exhausted by the relaxing noon-tide beams. A stream, whose very sound is cooling, renders the scene more tranquil; and the numerous songs, which are poured forth from every spray, does not interrupt it; all is peaceful. Do not overlook the variety of plants, which present themselves to our view.

C H A R L E S.

And are all these plants of use, Sir?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

We cannot always trace the wisdom or the goodness of God; but, though invisible, still it exists every where, and is ever active—gives harmony to the birds, and healing powers to the plants which decorate the earth.

C H A R L E S.

CHARLES.

So then, we cannot go one step but we find the goodness of God. Do the woods and forests rise of themselves?

DR. BARTLETT.

No. Nothing arises of itself, but from seed. How the first seed was sown, we know not; now it happens by chance, accidents which escape our notice, or birds carry them from one place to another.—God worketh here as in secret, and beauties are unexpectedly spread around, and surprise the contemplative walker.

CHARLES.

Men, then, have all the pleasure which the woods afford, without much trouble.

DR. BARTLETT.

But the advantage is even greater than the pleasure. Where should we go if there was no wood? We could not cross

the sea to visit distant lands—we must remain on the spot where first we drew breath, without a house or any useful furniture: and, in many countries, without fuel to soften the rigors of the wintry season.

CHARLES.

But as we are every year, nay every day, destroying the wood, what will be left for our posterity?

DR. BARTLETT.

You need not be afraid of that, my dear Charles, the world has now continued for near six thousand years.—What wood we annually consume, is again annually supplied by shoots; and thus the face of nature is renewed—God takes care!

Charles thanked Dr. Bartlett for his instructions, and we returned—and how happy am I, dear mother, that I can partake in these instructions.

Charles

Charles has just been with me to shew me a canary-bird which he has bought, he intends to tame it.—But I must not forget to tell you, to-morrow is Charles's birth-day. Edward thinks we shall have some dainties; but Emilia says, she is sure her brother will not spend his father's present in such a way;—and I agree with her, and imagine he will lay out his money in books, rather than dainties, which he seldom seeks for.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM *to his MOTHER.*

You will wonder, my dear mother, at Charles ; he did not buy books with the money—but you shall hear all about it. His father came into his room before he had finished his prayers, I was in the next room ; I had said mine, and waited for him to go with him to Dr. Bartlett. He rose hastily when his father entered, who laid a paper on the table, and desired him to conclude the sacred duty he was employed in, before he paid any respect to his earthly father ;—and saying so, he left the chamber.

When Charles joined me he opened the paper, and found four guineas—he paused

paused a moment.—William, said he, I wish to have your opinion, we have in our neighbourhood but few young people, we must have a dance, we all love dancing, and we may be merry, without spending money in sweetmeats and unnecessary dainties. Well then, said Charles, I will gratify my own inclination: and immediately we joined the breakfast table. When we were alone with Sir Charles, my friend addressed him, May I, Sir, do what I please with the money you have given me?

SIR CHARLES.

Yes, certainly, I gave it you.

CHARLES.

Then I know who shall celebrate my birth-day, if you approve of it—and I shall be quite happy if you consent.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, who?

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CHARLES.

CHARLES.

I have more money than I want, I will invite a few acquaintance not to disappoint my sister and Edward, and indeed I do not wish to make a show of self-denial, or to let all my acquaintance know that I give my money to the poor. One guinea will be sufficient for the treat, and the other three I will give to two poor families, to buy cloathing for their children. How happy will these poor people be ! all those I shall invite have abundance, I do not desire they should admire my treat and call me generous, when I should only be vain.

SIR CHARLES.

Can you suppose, my dear Charles, that I should disapprove of your intention ? You begin the year very well, and may expect the happiness which flows from benevolence : it is an omen and a foretaste.

Charles

Charles then modestly thanked his father, and I went with him to distribute the money; afterwards we danced with a light heart, indeed we had a pleasant evening.—While we were dancing, as Sir Charles passed by his son, he whispered him, Pleasure is sweet when we do not sacrifice our duty to purchase it. And as he repeated his blessing, when Charles wished him a good night, he added, You have been happy, my son, because you first thought of making others rejoice.—I shall not forget this lesson, for I felt its force. I am sleepy, and yet I must tell you, that while the company were refreshing themselves, Charles and I slipped away, and hastened to the barn, and found the invited poor regaling merrily; I cannot describe the pleasure that was pictured on every countenance, but it has left a pleasing impression on my mind. The people were so delighted with their good

cheer, they did not sufficiently attend to a poor blind man. Charles observed this neglect; Father, said he, let me assist you, and he cut his meat for him.

I find the treat was more acceptable to the poor than the rich—I will ever try to recollect, that it is more delightful to give pleasure, than excite admiration.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

We rode out yesterday, and had not the pleasure we expected. When we left home the weather was fine; but the sky soon began to lower, and the rain fell in large drops; we were obliged to gallop to a little farm house, and wait there till the storm was over. Edward was grumbling all the way, and Emilia was low spirited, and I own I was disappointed; Charles looked so for a moment, but soon recollected himself.

EDWARD.

This is dreadful.—What a pity it is—the rain will prevent our enjoying any pleasure.

CHARLES.

No; we can drink tea here, and return home when it clears up.

H 4

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

That is not so pleasant. I wish it was fair now—I want to have a ride.

CHARLES.

You wish it was dry weather to pursue your ride to please yourself: and our neighbour, the farmer, wished this morning for rain, because the plants and grass are almost withered by the drought. Whose wish is most rational?

WILLIAM.

The farmer's, I think.

CHARLES.

Every day there are some parties of pleasure, and could the selfish wish for fair weather prevail, our fields would soon lose their verdure, and the corn cease to swell, till it becomes a laughing image of plenty. The fruits would drop dry on the ground, and the flowers no longer perfume the air. You will see how green every thing will look, and how

how sweet they will smell as we return home.

EMILIA.

I will never impatiently complain of the rain again.

EDWARD.

And I still continue to wish it had not rained till night.

CHARLES.

They who have to travel to-night, would wish to put it off till to-morrow. Whose wish is to be gratified?

EMILIA.

Charles is right. We are in God's sight, no more than other men.

WILLIAM.

It is impossible to know what to wish for at all times.

CHARLES.

Believe me, Dr. Bartlett has convinced me, we should be miserable, if

God always gave us what we desire. And, dear sister, is our pleasure for a day to be compared with the good that so many will experience from the rain?

E M I L I A.

But the poor birds, I pity them.

C H A R L E S.

They will take shelter if it is troublesome to them. Besides, their feathers have a kind of oil in them, which hinders them from being wet.

As it did not seem likely to clear up, we seized the first moment, between the showers, and hastened home. Charles gave his sister his canary-bird, and she went to provide a cage for it. We diverted ourselves; but Edward was out of humour; complained of the weather, and tormented his poor dog.

W I L L I A M.

L E T-

LETTER XXXVI.

WILLIAM *to his MOTHER.*

I CANNOT forbear relating to you, my dear mother, what happened here last night. We had scarcely been in bed half an hour, before we heard a dreadful noise. What is that, said Charles? I do not know, answered I, but I am afraid somebody is breaking into the house. We listened, and the moment after heard Edward cry out. Charles jumped immediately out of bed, and I followed him; he caught up the poker and the candle, and lighted it at the lamp on the staircase. We almost flew to Edward's room, where the noise came from. Charles shewed not the least sign of fear; but I could not help trembling exceedingly. Coming into

Edward's chamber we found him lying on the ground, and the table fallen topsy turvy, and all the books and things on the floor. What has happened? asked Charles. Heaven knows; but I am terribly frightened, replied Edward. We both eagerly enquired how he came on the ground, and why he had cried out so dreadfully?

EDWARD.

You would probably have cried out too—I do not know how I got out of bed—this room is haunted.

CHARLES.

You frightened me at first; but now I must laugh. Poor William was almost frightened to death; I will go and look for a bottle of wine, it is proper you should both take a glass.

EDWARD.

Do not go alone!—call one of the servants.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Let the servants sleep ; I could not call them without disturbing my mother, and I would avoid doing that, as there is not any real cause for fear.

WILLIAM.

And dare you go alone ?

CHARLES.

Why not, my friend, I am sure there are no thieves in the house.

EDWARD.

I have as much courage as he—yet, William, I would not go down. Hush ! pray listen—do you hear any thing ? Here comes Charles—what have you seen ? Surely, you must have met something.

CHARLES.

Yes ; I have seen the stairs, the dining-room, and this bottle and glass. Come on, let us drink each a glass, and

I

it

it will give us courage to wait for the apparition.

EDWARD.

I beg you will not make game of it.

CHARLES.

And why not?—It is only at apparitions I laugh.

WILLIAM.

Why, do you believe that there are no apparitions?

CHARLES.

Indeed I do not give credit to the stories I have been told lately; my father would never allow such subjects to be mentioned when I was a child. But, Edward, tell me now what made you so suddenly get out of bed?

EDWARD.

An apparition, I tell you, Charles.

CHARLES.

Perhaps you were dreaming?

ED-

EDWARD.

A likely story truly—I think I know when I am awake.

CHARLES.

And what did you see then?

EDWARD.

I had just put out my candle, and before I could fall asleep, I plainly heard something run across the chamber. I then started up in bed and saw in the farther corner two lights, they moved about, and sometimes appeared very small and then glared like large balls.

CHARLES.

That was certainly no more than a glittering in your eyes.

EDWARD.

What?—What I saw so clearly?—I then kept myself quite still—the light vanished, and I heard a great bounce against the door.

WILL-

WILLIAM.

I should have been frightened, I am sure.

EDWARD.

I was so terrified I could not call for a light, I sunk into the bed and covered my head; but I had not remained many moments, scarcely daring to breathe, when I heard a light foot-step coming towards the side of my bed next the wall;—I ventured to peep—and saw, indeed I did, a great white apparition, which grew bigger and bigger as it approached:—I know not what I did—I jumped out of the other side of the bed, knocked down the table, and screamed out.—But hush, I hear a noise.

CHARLES.

I will lay a wager it is a rat that has hid itself.

EDWARD.

A rat is not white.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Let us search, something it must be ;
a spirit cannot make a noise.

Charles then looked in every corner of the room, behind the clothes-pres, and the bureau. He then called out, there is the apparition, Edward, I have found it at last. And what was it, do you think ? A great white cat which generally lives in the stable. We all laughed, in particular Edward ; but, said he, I cannot imagine how the cat could make such a noise, and look so big.

CHARLES.

Your fear magnified it ; when we are terrified, we seldom see things as they really are. The lights, which were the cat's eyes, so dazzled yours, you imagined them to be balls of fire.

We then went to bed and slept very sound till the morning.

We

We related the whole affair when we were at breakfast, and after Sir Charles had commended his son, he added, This may teach you all not to be terrified, but to enquire into things ; and believe me, many causes, which at first appeared very alarming, will vanish, or only resemble the white cat. While God, the great Spirit, takes care of us, can phantoms harm us ? He will support all those who trust in him—fear him—and you may banish every other fear. You may be certain, all the stories you have heard, took their rise from terror ; a timid disturbed imagination created the spectre, or swelled some slight reality into one : none had the courage to search for the truth, or it eluded the search.

I shall never forget this incident, dear mother ; I recollect what Charles said, a spirit cannot make a noise. The stories I have been told in Holland, I now think foolish ; the tall woman, who walked

walked in the grove at night, and the white monster, almost as high as the steeple, and many others of the same kind, I am sure would be found, on enquiry, to resemble the tale of the white cat, which Edward would have told, if Charles had not dragged the supposed spirit from its hiding place.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

YESTERDAY, after we had finished our exercises, Charles asked me to take a walk in the garden, and, seeing Dr. Bartlett, we hastened to join him; for indeed we both like to hear him talk, and try to profit by his instructions, which are delivered in such a familiar manner, I forget that I am but a boy when he calls me his friend. We found him with a book in his hand.

CHARLES.

You are reading, Sir, we will not disturb you.

DR. BARTLETT.

When I have finished the passage I am reading, I shall be glad of your company.

We

We waited silent a few moments, and then Dr. Bartlett put his book into his pocket, and we entered into conversation.

CHARLES.

Look, Sir, what insects are those which fly in such multitudes about the fish-pond ?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

They are ants.

W I L L I A M.

Have ants wings ?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

Yes, they obtain wings for some time during this season of the year. And what appears the most wonderful, is, that they are thus winged in a very few moments.

CHARLES.

It is a pity that these insects are so destructive to the productions of the earth, I like them so well for their diligence.

D R.

DR. BARTLETT.

When they are together, they are as one family. They build themselves a city, which is divided into several streets. They have each of them separate employments; one digs a hole in the earth, another sweeps the earth away, and a third brings grass or stubble to make the hole warm and dry, that they may preserve their eggs and their young from the cold and damp. Their labour to provide themselves food is wonderful: they are so industrious they will go to a great distance for it, and returning, always keep in a direct road, seldom mistaking it, though far from their own habitation. They take great care not to run in each others way; and are so very sagacious, that when they are obliged to carry any thing very heavy, from an eminence, they let it fall with deliberation, and take it up again when they arrive at the bottom.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

But, Sir, I have often seen that they are continually moving their young and their eggs.—Why do they disturb them so frequently?

DR. BARTLETT.

They do this, when they find it either damp or cold; for they take uncommon care of their little ones. After rain they bring their eggs into the open air to let them dry, lest the young, which are in them, should perish; and if the rain is very heavy they remove the earth with their feet, and cover them.

WILLIAM.

Poor creatures!—We give them, thoughtlessly, much unnecessary trouble.

CHARLES.

They are very injurious, and their use is not apparent;—why then did God create them? I should think there must be

be some hidden reason, which we cannot dive into, or even get a glance to direct our search.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

You do well to reason in this manner. Who can pretend to fathom the secrets of the Most High, or circumscribe his ways? All that is necessary to direct our search after virtue, is found by those, who seek for it, as for hid treasure: questions, that mere wanton curiosity dictates, are left doubtful, or discovered by chance. The knowledge of them is not essential to our earthly comfort; though modest enquiries into the operations of nature, will ennable our minds, and raise us above grovelling pursuits. We must first labour for the one thing needful:—if we are good here, we shall be wiser hereafter.

C H A R L E S.

CHARLES.

I will try to remember what you have said, Sir.

DR. BARTLETT.

But speaking of the ants brings to my remembrance some other creatures, that are still more skilful, I mean the beavers. How would you both be astonished, could I show you the habitations these wonderful creatures make! No experienced builder could form them better. They first choose a very healthful situation, and where there is plenty of provision, near a fresh stream of water; and then raise an eminence with great labour and dispatch. For this purpose they dig out the earth and clay with their fore feet, and carry their burdens on their tails (which nature has made a little hollow like a shovel) to the place they have chosen for their abode. With their teeth they cut

with great expedition through trees as thick as my arm ; and these piles they work into the ground to form a firm foundation. Then they begin to build a house, which consists of three stories, one above another ; the walls are perpendicular, and more than a foot thick. It is within very neat, of a round form, and has an arched roof. The size in proportion to the number of the family that is to reside in it : for example, they allow fourteen or fifteen feet for twelve beavers. What think you of such creatures ?

CHARLES.

I am astonished, Sir ; I wish I could once see these architects. In what country are they to be found ?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

They are to be found in Germany, and in Poland, along the rivers ; but chiefly in Canada.

WILLIAM.

May I ask what sort of creatures these are?

DR. BARTLETT.

They are amphibious; so we name those creatures which can live either on land or in the water. The head is larger than a-rat's; their fore feet are short, and with these they hold fast their food; their hind feet are long, and with a web betwixt the claws, like the ducks; and their tails are flat and finny, and assist them to swim with more ease than they could do, if they only used their feet for that purpose.

CHARLES.

But of what materials do they build the thick walls of their houses?

DR. BARTLETT.

They mix and knead together, with their fore feet, clay, earth and water; and their tails serve first as a mortar-

tray to carry it, and then as a trowel to plaister it on in a proper manner.

CHARLES.

It is wonderful! But can these skilful creatures work without the least reflection?

D R. BARTLETT.

They have not thinking powers, of course they cannot deliberate about it. God has created them with a certain ability or instinct to direct them infallibly. Man is a superior animal, he only in this world is endued with the noble power of reflection.

CHARLES.

This preference demands our gratitude.

D R. BARTLETT.

Certainly, my dear, demands our utmost diligence to cultivate the precious gift. We ought never to speak or act without reflection, and our whole conduct

duct should be conformable to the wise designs of the Creator:—this is the only way to make ourselves worthy of our dignity. The Doctor then left us.

I preserve in my mind all these good instructions, dear mother; never, no never, shall I forget them. And as God has made us capable of reasoning, if we abuse this goodness, and act without understanding, we are not above the senseless brutes.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXXVIII.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

OH ! my dear mother, poor Emilia had yesterday such a dreadful accident. I do pity her, I never before saw her cry so bitterly. Charles and I were amusing ourselves, working in our little garden ; Emilia came running to us sobbing ; but you shall hear all.

EMILIA.

My dear brother—I am so sorry.

CHARLES.

Tell me on what account ? You astonish me ; has any thing befallen my father or mother ?

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

No, no.—But I am afraid to tell you; it will vex you.

CHARLES.

Tell it me directly; if I may know it.

EMILIA.

The cat has eat my sweet canary-bird. I did love it—you gave it me, it sung so charmingly, and was so tame.

CHARLES.

It is a pity, I acknowledge; but you are not to grieve for the loss of a bird, as if you had lost a parent. You have lost a plaything, not a friend; it gave you pleasure, excited your tenderness, but without esteem affection soon dies: any new favourite will supply its place.

WILLIAM.

You took such care of it, how could it happen?

I 4

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

I had, as I often did, let the bird out of the cage to eat out of my hand. My mamma sent for me, I went to her for a moment, and in the mean time, the maid had let the cat slip into the chamber, who instantly seized and devoured my poor little creature. I shall never forgive myself for not putting it into its cage. And as to the careless maid, I hope my mother will soon part with her.

CHARLES.

She did not do it on purpose, I am sure; and, Emilia, your carelessness was more inexcusable because you loved the bird.

EMILIA.

Let us then look for the cat and beat her.

CHARLES.

And why? The cat cannot help it, it is its nature to catch birds and mice; you

you would correct her for following an instinct which renders her a useful domestic. If you had beat her the very moment after the accident, it might have restrained her in future; but by this time she has forgot it, and consequently it would be cruel. You cannot get your bird again by indulging a spirit of revenge; you must console yourself.

EMILIA.

I am almost inconsolable—I wish there were no cats in the world.

CHARLES.

That wish is wrong, sister. God knew best when he created them. We should find the rats and mice very troublesome and mischievous; but for the assistance of a cat, how should we preserve our grain?

EMILIA.

I shall never forget my sweet little bird.

CHARLES.

Not forget a creature without sense !
after all, there are more canary-birds.

EMILIA.

Not so tame.

CHARLES.

I will endeavour to get you another,
which shall be just as tame.

EMILIA.

You are very good, brother ; but that
bird loved me, it would follow me about
the room.

CHARLES.

It had no love for you, believe me ;
it was only not afraid of you : it fol-
lowed you because you fed it.

EMILIA.

Had it died a natural death, I should
soon have forgotten it ; but such an un-
fortunate end vexes me.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Another death might have been harder; the cat caught it instantly, and not through the wires of the cage.

EMILIA.

Think you so, then I am content, and forgive the cat.—She then left us.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXXIX.

Mrs. D— to WILLIAM.

You are a comfort to me, my son, and Annette deserves my tender affection, she is so tractable and good. Your letters improve and please her ; she requests me to read them twenty times over, that she may remember them. The tears were in her eyes when I read what you had written concerning the canary-bird. Poor Emilia, said she, how I do pity her. It gives me pleasure, replied I, that you participate in your friend's grief ; it is a sign that you have a good heart, and deserve the sympathy of others : mutual affection is necessary, it softens affliction. Indeed I have experienced it, mamma, answered she, that is, I have never been so much vexed at any

I

thing,

thing, when I saw somebody pitied me, as when they laughed at me.—And I love those people who have compassion, they look so good-natured.

But, William, I must give you a caution. The beginning of your letter was too alarming, it startled me; I thought at least that Emilia had been dreadfully hurt; if she had lost an eye or a limb it could not have shocked me more. You might have expressed your pity, as she was grieved, but not in such terms; what other words could you have used, had she lost her mother? Learn in future, when a thing of the same kind occurs, to be more cautious how you write, and do not confound proper feelings; nor even the expressions, which should convey to others a notion of what passes in your mind.

I send you by this opportunity, some pocket-money, I wish I could afford to send you more, as you deserve it; for

Lady

Lady Grandison informs me, that you are very careful, and try to make your clothes last long. In you this attention is a virtue, as you do it not only to spare your mother, whose circumstances are confined, but to have money to give to the poor. The œconomy and self-denial, which flows from such motives, is so laudable, that I hope the foolish sneers of thoughtless young people, will never make you think yourself mean-spirited, as they will call you : those only can be called mean, in the true sense of the word, who save to gratify their appetites. Write often, your conversations please me, and I mentioned before, that they improved Annette.

D.

L E T-

LETTER XL.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

I MUST give you another proof of the virtue and wisdom of my friend Charles. Yesterday, when we had done our lessons, for we never neglect them, we went to the wood, to take our pleasure, and found it very pleasant; but the thickness of the trees prevented our seeing a heavy storm that was approaching, till a violent peal of thunder made us jump. Emilia is very much afraid of thunder.

EMILIA.

Brother, it thunders—what shall I do?

CHARLES.

Do not terrify yourself, there is no cause for fear; it is only the natural consequence of great heat, and the weather

ther lately has been very warm. We will return home, it is right to leave the trees, they attract the lightning.

EMILIA.

I dare not stir—O if I was but in the house, in the cellar!

CHARLES.

And what would you do in the cellar, is it not God who directs the storm?

EMILIA.

Yes.

CHARLES.

Then he can preserve you every where; here, in the house, or the cellar, it is all the same; but still we are to exercise our reason while we trust in God: let us then leave the trees, they are dangerous.

EMILIA.

But who can tell that God will preserve me?

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Does he not give you daily proofs of his favour? You would be miserable if he did not guard you. Where would you be safe? There is no need of a storm to destroy us, we are every moment in danger, if we lose his protection. A chimney, or only a tile may fall on us from a house:—there are a thousand things which we have reason to be afraid of, if we fear any. Dr. Bartlett says, he only fears offending God.

EDWARD.

You are a foolish girl, to be afraid of thunder. Come let us play and sing, then the noise will not reach us.

CHARLES.

No, we can play and sing, when the storm is over. It is not now the time when God lets us see such an astonishing token of his almighty Power—let us view the tempest with reverence.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

Oh, what a loud clap of thunder ! May not that be a sign that God is angry with us ?

CHARLES.

No surely. This stormy weather is a blessing ; it is of use to purify the air : the heat of the summer would, without these concussions, occasion a great many contagious disorders. Emilia, be easy, God loves us, we every day receive proofs of it ; let us trust in him, as we trust our parents ;—we cannot doubt their love, and have we less reliance on our heavenly Father ?

EMILIA. —

Come, let us hasten into the house ; my father said once, it was dangerous to look at the lightning.

CHARLES.

Except an extraordinary flash, it has much the same effect as when you look at

at the sun, the light is immediately dimmed.

EDWARD.

Do not go home, how can you be so foolish?

CHARLES.

Though I do not fear the storm myself, I would not be so ill-natured as to oblige Emilia to stand trembling here. I would avoid, without despising her weakness. It is weak to be afraid, but impious to mock the storm.

We then hastened home; and soon after the sky cleared up, and I quickly saw that the thunder had been of use; the air was cool, and every herb and flower revived, the garden was more fragrant than usual.

I thank you, dear mother, for the money you have sent me. You say it is little, but I think it much. My thanks are due to you, for I am certain

you

you scarcely allow yourself necessaries, to enable me to appear properly in this family ; I feel your goodness, and will do my utmost to improve by the opportunity, and always remember the sacrifice my mother has made, and the affection she has ever shewn me. Dr. Bartlett frequently mentions this circumstance, when we are alone ; but my memory does not need refreshing—I love my mother, and long to tell her that I am her grateful and dutiful son.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

WILLIAM *to his MOTHER.*

JUDGE of the good heart of Emilia; an accident yesterday made it appear to advantage. She was in the parlour with Edward, playing on the harpsicord; after she had finished the tune, she went to look for a china flower-pot in a china-closet near the parlour. She found what she wanted; but still loitered, looking at the china; and one jar she would reach from a high shelf, though Edward cautioned her: the consequence was, it fell out of her hand, and was dashed to pieces. She trembled, well knowing it was a jar of great value.

EDWARD.

Mighty well, you would look at the china.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

Do not scold me, I am so sorry ; rather give me your advice.

EDWARD.

I can give you no advice ; if you sought every where you could not find such another jar to match the one which is left. Why did you touch it ? you must always be meddling, you are so curious.

EMILIA.

I will never be curious again, I assure you. I know I have done wrong.

EDWARD.

Now hear me, do not cry ; I will tell you what you may do. Nobody has heard it, we will take the pieces and put them together behind a dish ; and to-morrow, all of a sudden, you may say you have heard something fall in the closet ; then go and look, and

Lady

Lady Grandison will think the cat threw it down, or some other accident made it fall.

EMILIA.

No, Edward,—that I will never do; it would be much worse than breaking it through idle curiofity.

EDWARD.

What will you do then? your mother will be displeased.

EMILIA.

I would sooner bear her displeasure a week, than tell such a falsehood. Hear me, I will go to her, confess my fault; and indeed I shall be more careful for the future.

She then ran trembling to her mother; but how was she astonished, when the good Lady spoke kindly to her. If you had broken all my china by accident, my child, I should not have chid you;

you; your foolish curiosity was blameable; but your attention to truth has more than atoned for it: I find I can rely on your veracity. She kissed her mother's hand, and returned to tell us what had happened. Edward looked ashamed, and said, he would never advise such an artifice again, he should not like to deceive such a kind Lady, or lose her good opinion. Charles could not help saying, when we tell a lie we offer an affront to God. Dr. Bartlett often observes, he is ever present, and abhors a liar.

WILLIAM.

LET.

LETTER XLII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

OH ! my dear mother, we are all here full of anxiety ; Charles, who went very early this morning on horseback, with one of the servants, to pay Mr. Friendly a visit, and promised to return early, is not yet come home ; and it is past nine o'clock. He was always punctual —some misfortune must have befallen him.—I do not know what to think, or fear. The night is very dark, and the weather stormy. Sir Charles has just sent off a servant to obtain some information :—how we all long for his return !

Eleven o'clock. The servant is come back ; but no intelligence of Charles. He left Mr. Friendly's soon after dinner,

ner, about four o'clock. Dear mother, where can he be? Drowned, I fear:—perhaps—perhaps what? I am afraid even to write the strange thoughts and conjectures which come into my head—I never seemed so much alive before, my soul feels as if it would fly out of my body to search for Charles—dear Charles! Lady Grandison sits silent; Emilia does nothing but cry; and Edward runs through the house quite frantic: Sir Charles endeavours to comfort his Lady, and has need of comfort himself. He has sent several servants different ways, and waits impatiently for day-break, when he intends going himself.—O that he would take me with him!

One o'clock, and no news of Charles. We are none of us in bed—and indeed who could sleep! My eyes feel as if they would never close again—I cannot cry.

Half after four. Thank Heaven—Charles is safe. The servant, who attended him, is just arrived. It was not his fault, that we had so much uneasiness; no pleasure—no company detained him.—But Sir Charles insists on it, that we go to bed for a few hours. I cannot sleep, though I must go to bed.—I do not want sleep, Charles is safe. Why does my joy make me cry? I did not weep when I thought I should never, O never see him more.—Well, I must go to this same bed.—Good morning to you, Madam. I declare the birds are beginning to sing—how can I sleep?

WILLIAM,

LETTER XLIII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

Now you shall hear the servant's account—I long to tell you all about an affair, which is to clear my friend;—for a moment you must not think ill of him.

Charles set out from Mr. Friendly's soon after dinner, Harry, his man, of course attended him. The weather had been all day lowering; they quickened their pace; but such a thick mist arose gradually, they could scarcely see two yards before them. Charles, though he is very courageous, shewed some signs of fear, and they then rode slowly, observing every step, when they saw at some little distance, a man lying in the middle of the road. What is that? said

Charles,

Charles, holding-in his horse. A man who has drank more than he ought, I suppose, answered Harry. Pray, Sir, ride a little quicker, it grows late. No, replied Charles, for if the man is drunk, we must endeavour to help him out of the highway, or he may be rode over in the dark. Saying so, he jumped off his horse: but how terrifying was the sight!—He saw an old officer lying weltering in his blood. He spoke to him; but received no answer. The gentleman is dead, cried Harry. No, no, interrupted Charles, he has only fainted through loss of blood. What shall we do? What can we do? replied Harry. Let us gallop on to the first village to procure assistance. What, and leave the man bleeding, said Charles, with warinth; he would die before we could even reach the village.—Do you not see how he bleeds? Tie our horses fast to that tree, and make haste to assist me, I must

not let a man die without doing my best to save him. He then pulled off his clothes, and tore his shirt; and finding that the wound was in the head, he wiped away the gore, and bound the linen round it; he did it several times before he could stop the effusion. After the operation, they lifted him cautiously, and laid him on the grass, near the road side. Good heavens, said Harry, it begins to be quite dark, and the mist is so thick, we shall never be able to find our way; and how uneasy they will all be at home. O that is true, said Charles; come, let us go.—And he advanced a step or two; but turning his eyes on the poor officer, they filled with tears, and he stood thinking half a moment—and then burst out.—No, I cannot, will not leave you in this condition; I do not occasion the uneasiness my parents will feel to gratify myself; I ought not to deliberate a moment:

ride

ride on directly to the next village, or to the first cottage you spy, and prevail on some man to return with you ; and all together we may carry this poor man to a shelter, and procure further help.

HARRY.

I dare not leave you here alone, your father would never forgive me.

CHARLES.

Heaven will preserve me ; and as to the blame, I will take care it shall not fall on you. I tell you, if you will not go, I will go myself.

Harry did not wait to expostulate any more, but did as he was ordered ; and fortunately soon reached a little farmhouse, which they might have seen from the road, had it been a clear night. He went in and told the case to the man who lived there, and begged him and his son immediately to go with him.

The farmer at first seemed reluctant, he was tired, and just preparing to go to bed, after a hard day's work ; but when Harry told him he should be well recompensed, he fetched a sort of hand-barrow, and laid a mattraſs on it, and followed to the place. Before they reached it, Charles had the satisfaction to see the officer open his eyes, and come gradually to himself ; and looking wistfully at Charles, he said, falteringly, Who are you, young man, who thus alone, this dismal night, supports my wounded head ? Did you bind this linen round my temples ? I have been so happy, replied Charles, as to arrive in time to be of service to you ; I had a servant with me, but I have sent him for further assistance, that you may be removed to some house. What reflection, what fortitude ! faintly cried the weak man.— Do not exhaust yourself, Sir, interrupted Charles ; I have only done my duty— indeed

indeed my heart bled for you, I could not have left you. Harry and the men that moment joined them; they all assisted, and laid the officer on the hand-barrow; but the fatigue was too much for him, and he fainted again through weakness. They walked very slow, and at length brought him into the cottage; and Charles sent the farmer for a surgeon. And what is now your intention? asked Harry. To stay here this night, replied Charles; I cannot think of leaving this venerable old man with strangers, who do not seem the most humane people in the world. Do you hasten home, and tell them what has happened, and then I shall wait with comfort till to-morrow, and see myself that the poor man is properly attended—I will be his nurse. Harry was not willing to leave him; but he spoke in such a positive tone of voice, Harry thought it vain to attempt to dissuade

him ; so, much against his inclination, he rode away ; and would certainly have relieved us soon from all our anxiety, if the thick fog, and his vexation together, had not made him lose, or mistake the short by-road, which leads directly through the wood to the house ; he wandered about till the first peep of dawn, and then entered the parlour trembling. We had all our eyes and mouths open, ready to catch the news—and we began to ask so many questions in a breath, Sir Charles was obliged to command silence, that we might hear the account. He praised the servant, gave him a guinea, and desired him to go to bed for an hour or two, and then come to him, before he returned to his son, to whom he would send a message, and some money to enable him to pay the surgeon, and supply the wants of the invalide.

But

But how will the tender heart of my friend suffer, when he hears what we have endured. Lady Grandison went to bed very ill; but, I hope, she is now better; I have not seen her this morning. I long to know if the poor officer is alive or dead.

WILLIAM.

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LET-

LETTER XLIV.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

WE have Charles here again, dear mother. O how rejoiced was I to see him ! The old officer is better, and we are all happy.

We sat down cheerfully this morning to breakfast, and did not then expect to see him. Emilia saw him first, she flew from her chair ; there is my dear brother Charles ! cried she, and ran to meet him as quick as possible. They came into the house hand in hand ; but Charles let his sister's hand go, as he entered the room, and ran to his father. —I will relate the conversation word for word.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Can you forgive me, dear father, for having caused you so much uneasiness ?

SIR CHARLES.

Let me embrace you—you are dearer to me than ever ; our uneasiness was not your fault, you have done your duty to your fellow-creature without forgetting your parents. How is the gentleman you have assisted ?

CHARLES.

The officer is better, but still very weak.

LADY GRANDISON.

But, my dear, is he alone in that cottage ? Will they take proper care of him ?

CHARLES.

I have not left him alone with them, his own son is now with him. — As soon

as

as the old gentleman recovered his recollection, he mentioned his place of abode, which was not very distant. I sent to inform his children of the accident ; and his eldest son set off immediately, and soon arrived at the cottage. When I had committed him into the hands of his son, I was eager to return home to my parents.

SIR. CHARLES.

You were right, your presence was not then necessary ; but has the poor man means to provide himself with what is requisite in his weak state ?

CHARLES.

Yes ; I enquired, and find he is in very good circumstances. Did I do right, Sir ? I only rewarded the farmer, and gave Harry a trifle : and now I will return the remainder of the money you sent me.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

You may keep it, and distribute it as you please. I am now treating you like a friend—a man; I allow you to exercise, according to the dictates of your own heart, the noblest privilege of our nature, that of doing good: and do it often in secret, let the plaudit of your own heart, be your only recompense.

LADY GRANDISON.

How did you pass the night? Did you sleep at all?

CHARLES.

Believe me, I thought little of myself, I had before me a dying old man—I could think of nothing else. I desired some clean straw to be laid, near the sick man's bed, but I made no use of it. My uneasiness on your account, and my painful anxiety for the officer, banished sleep from my eyes.

EMILIA.

Poor Charles, to be obliged to sleep on straw.

CHARLES.

I should have slept on that as well as in my bed, if my heart had been at ease.

SIR CHARLES.

Charles is right; it is peace of mind and health of body which procures that refreshing sleep so necessary to recruit our exhausted powers. The softest bed will not afford rest to a troubled mind, or a disordered body.

EDWARD.

Who knows, when I am in the army, how many nights I may be obliged to sleep on the ground, without even the straw Emilia despises.

SIR CHARLES.

That may happen; and before young people make choice of a profession, they should

should arm themselves against the inconveniences, which consequently attend it : always remembering, that every state of life has its pains and pleasures. Every station is eligible, and will afford us heart-felt joy, if we fill it conscientiously : it is about our conduct, not our situation, that we should bestow most thought ; and be more anxious to avoid evil than pain.

EDWARD.

I dare say, the king himself has his cares and sorrows as well as the meanest of his subjects.

SIR CHARLES.

Certainly. He is a man, none are exempt ; God is no respecter of persons ; they please him, who do good, and attend to truth : it matters not whether it be in a palace, or a mud hovel.

When we were alone, Charles said, I knew my father would not be displeased with

with me; yet if it had been possible, I wished not only to have spared him the anxiety my absence occasioned, but to have asked his advice. I followed the impulse of my heart—yet I do it with more pleasure, when his sanction assures me my feelings do not lead my reason astray.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

I HAVE another proof to give you, my honoured mother, of the goodness of heart Charles continually exhibits. A gentleman, who visits very frequently this family, made him a present of a beautiful spaniel; young Falkland, our neighbour, had often asked for it; but the gentleman refused to give him it, because he treats his own dogs cruelly. You must know, Falkland has already five dogs, besides cats, pigeons, and a parrot. These afford him his chief employment; not to make them happy, but to please himself. Though he has so many, he was very much vexed that he could not get this dog.

dog. And what do you think happened? The dog died suddenly, and we have by chance discovered that Falkland made one of his servants poison the poor animal.—What monsters there are in the world! Yes, he must be a monster, I think, who deprives another of a pleasure when he receives no benefit from it himself. But the following conversation, when we were walking in the garden, soon after the discovery, will let you see how Charles behaves, even when he is angry.

WILLIAM.

I cannot help grieving about the poor dog.

CHARLES.

I acknowledge I am very sorry; I did not think that the loss of a dog would have affected me in such a manner;—but it was a very faithful one—and then the

the horrid agonies it endured—I cannot forget its groans.

EDWARD.

It was a villainous action of Falkland to destroy that poor beast in such a manner.—If it had happened to me, I could never forgive him.

CHARLES.

I can.—If I could not forgive him, I should be as wicked as himself.

EDWARD.

You are too good. I, for my part, hate him.

CHARLES.

I do not hate him, but I despise his vices ;—and I pity him, for it is much to be feared he will become a bad man ; an envious cruel heart seldom reforms itself, Dr. Bartlett says.

EDWARD.

Yesterday you called that treacherous fellow friend ; — you see you are sometimes mistaken.

CHARLES.

I am apt to be mistaken in this particular ; it is so pleasant to love and think well of people.

EDWARD.

But will you any longer keep up the acquaintance ?

CHARLES.

No, certainly, without my father desires it ; I should with difficulty conceal my dislike — it was such a mean action.

EDWARD.

Bravo ! Now you speak to my mind ; and, if you like it, I will give him a good drubbing. — Say yes, and I will make his bones ache.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

That would not give me back my poor dog.

EDWARD.

I will tell you what—he has five dogs, let us poison some of them; that he deserves at least.

CHARLES.

But those poor dogs—what have they done?

EDWARD.

I am curious to know, what my uncle will say of this pretty trick; he has always spoken slightly of young Falkland.

CHARLES.

That is a sign he could penetrate into his mind, and saw his bad temper. I will, in future, pay more attention to his advice, and observations on characters.

ters. But now I think of it, Edward, we will not tell my father that Falkland poisoned my dog. Let us try to make him feel ashamed, by shewing him we despise revenge—I should like to mortify him this way.

WILLIAM.

You are very generous.

CHARLES.

Let us talk of something else—my dog is dead, I will try to make myself easy—I wish I could forget the torments it endured.—It is a very fine evening.

EDWARD.

Look, look! What do I see yonder in that tree?

WILLIAM.

It is a parrot.

EDWARD.

How fortunate!—It is Falkland's parrot; it has flown away from him, and perched

perched itself there: it looks frightened. How vexed he will be—he should not have that creature again for ten guineas.

CHARLES.

How the poor creature trembles.—I can climb softly up the tree and catch it;—do not make a noise.

EDWARD.

And so you will send it to Falkland again, to please him.

CHARLES.

No, for something else.

EDWARD.

He has killed your dog, and you will allow his favourite parrot to live when it is in your power. I think it mean-spirited.—Can you have a better opportunity to revenge yourself on that rascal?

CHARLES.

Yes, I can take a more noble revenge; by returning good for evil, I shall let

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him

him see how much I am his superior : and that will highly gratify me.

Immediately Charles mounted the tree, and caught the bird, whose feet were entangled in the branches. He then sent it by a servant to Falkland—and returned to us with a smiling face ; I hardly ever saw so much satisfaction in his countenance : and when Edward still continued to laugh at him, he replied, I felt pleasure in returning good for evil, my pride impelled me to act thus, as well as a sense of duty ; I do not pretend to any great merit in conquering one feeling to gratify another, but I should have been inexcusable if I had tormented an innocent helpless bird, merely to vex a being I despise. Nay, my anger would have been mean and selfish ; I should only resent the loss of my dog, and not feel indignation on account of the vices this loss has forced me to discover

discover in a character I was partial to. I shall forget my dog, long before I shall be able to drive from my remembrance a cruel action done by a fellow-creature. Charles looked teased, and Edward ceased to blame him,—and I tried to amuse him.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XLVI.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

WE had yesterday a whole day of pleasure, gathering the winter fruits. The gardener and his son climbed into the high trees, and plucked the apples and pears from the heavy laden branches; and we held the baskets to save them from being bruised, for those that fall to the ground will not keep. Some country girls had been observing our employment; and one of them spoke to Harry, eagerly looking at the apples.

CHARLES.

What does that girl want?

HARRY.

She desires me to ask you for some apples for a sick mother; and I know the poor woman has been a long time ill.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

For a sick mother?—she is a good child, go give her as many as she can carry; let her have some for herself as well as her mother.

HARRY.

Shall I give her some of these small ones, which are not of a very good kind?

CHARLES.

How—would you give the sick what is not good? No, she shall have some of them I gathered just now; they grew on my own tree, and the branches were bent down with the weight of the fruit. My tree never bore so much before; let me give part of my abundance to those who have none.

EDWARD.

I do not blame you, Charles; but those common people are always asking for something.

CHARLES.

If they did not ask they would seldom get any thing. Dear Edward, we ask daily of God ; permit then at least that those industrious people ask of us, who are made of the same materials, and in whose veins the same blood flows. It is as much our duty to spare part of our superfluities to relieve their accidental distress ; as it is theirs to work to supply their daily wants.

EMILIA.

And we should not, in any degree, merit the abundance we enjoy, if we refused to give a part of it to the poor. I will tell my mother, and I am sure she will send more than a basket of apples to the sick woman, and the good daughter who takes care of her.

When we returned, Sir Charles, after looking at the fruit, said, How wise and good is God, who thus provides for our comfort

comfort and pleasure. The fruits of the earth, which ought only to be ate in warm weather, perish as the winter comes on; but these wholesome dainties may be preserved to cheer us when the earth ceases to bring forth, and the leaves die on the boughs. How many persons are daily eating the provisions, the different seasons afford, and forget to thank the Giver, forget to imitate him, by imparting part of the blessings which are so liberally bestowed.—You read the parable of the man, who, instead of opening his heart, when his stores increased, was for pulling down his barns and building more capacious ones; but that very night his soul was required to quit the body he had pampered. He who dwelleth in heaven laugheth to scorn the designs of the proud; and frustrates the plans of the foolish man, who tries to provide for years to come, when he is not certain, that he

shall many hours be permitted to breathe the breath of life. They only enjoy life, who fear not death.

Just now Sir Charles has received a letter from Lady M——, requesting him to permit Charles to visit his uncle, Lord M——, who has been some time in a declining state of health. To-morrow my friend departs with Dr. Bartlett; I shall long for his return, every place will appear so dull when he is gone; but he has promised to write to me, and I will send you his letters, and take care of them, that I may read them again when I come home—for they then will be all I shall have of Charles—I hate these partings. Farewell.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

WE have had a tedious journey, dear William. Foolish ignorant people would say it foreboded no good; but we have been better instructed, and have not been allowed to catch those weak prejudices, which, my tutor says, produce more than half the ills of life; and are a greater weight on the spirits, than the real unavoidable evils.

Well, now for a full and true account of all our disasters. When we came to the second stage, we could not get fresh horses, and those we had were scarcely able to drag the chaise. One lagged, and the other very unwillingly tried to get into its old pace; yet, though any human creature, I should have thought, would have pitied them,

the postilion gave them lash after lash, till my patience was quite exhausted, and I remonstrated with him: indeed the strokes went to my heart; and I felt as if I had rather have called the horse my brother, than the wretch who treated him with such barbarity, who, whistling, turned his unmoved face to me, while he smacked his whip. I soon perceived that the harness had galled one of the horses; well might it winch, poor wretch!—at last it tottered, and fell. The postilion again began to use his whip; but we interposed; I could not help asking him if he had any bowels? He stared at me, and said, fine talking, it is only rust, it must be beat out of him. Ah! my dear friend, of what use is a good education? this man seemed so thoughtless, as not even to know he was cruel: my anger was turned into compassion.

We waited a short time, but we soon found the horses could not draw us to the next stage. There was no remedy or alternative, we must walk till we could meet with a house, or remain in the chaise till Harry could bring another. Dr. Bartlett determined to walk, though it was a very wet evening, and to leave Harry not only to take care of the luggage, but to prevent the postilion from exercising wanton cruelty on the fallen beast. We walked in the rain, along a very bad road; but I should not have minded these trifling inconveniences, if Dr. Bartlett had not been exposed to them—it was far better than hearing the lashes resound on the horse's side; and seeing the look of patient anguish, which the poor animal cast on the driver—indeed I cannot forget it.

We hastened forward; but the rain was so heavy, we were wet through before we reached a little farm on a com-

mon. This little abode, stolen from the waste, said my tutor, will afford us a shelter. A cheerful light, which darted through a window, no shutter guarded, seemed to invite us to house ourselves, and we knocked with our sticks against the door ; it was quickly opened, and a venerable old man, bending beneath a weight of years, desired us to enter, and in the chimney corner we saw an old woman, sitting near the blazing hearth, whose light had attracted us ; and a girl was preparing some cabbages for their supper. We mentioned our accident to account for our intrusion, and while we were speaking the old woman stirred the fire and desired us to approach and dry ourselves. We did so.—What a refreshment ! Never, no never did I find the fire so comfortable as at that moment. What a blessing it is, thought I, that there is so much fewel—and what must those

suffer, who, wet and numbed, cannot procure a fire to dry their rags, or warm their shivering limbs ; I now feel for them more than ever. I looked at the inside of the cottage with some attention ; what a difference there is between it and our elegant house, thought I, and yet the old couple seem to be bent by years not care. The rich have luxury and listlessness, the poor labour and repose, whispered the Doctor, when I mentioned to him the doubts which were struggling in my mind ; God is still the Father of us all, and provides for all his numerous family.

Gentlemen, said the old man, though I cannot give you much good cheer, you are welcome to what I have. My daughter will fry some bacon and eggs, to help out the cabbage, and I believe I can find a bottle of strong beer.—What say you, Dame, is there not one saved for

for Christmas? We must bring it out of its hiding place for the gentlemen; for after being wet they will want something to comfort their hearts. And our bed too is at your service. Dr. Bartlett refused the bed, because he would not put them to any inconvenience; but they insisted on it, and said, they could sleep in the loft, in their daughter's bed, who would not matter lying on the floor one night; and for matter of that, said the old man, I should not mind doing so one night myself.

Whilst the cloth was laying, and the girl was a long time placing two knives and forks and a broken saltcellar, we got into conversation, and the Doctor observing she did not put any more on the table, told his host, we must all sup together, and drink sociably the Christmas ale. If you desire it, master, replied he, it shall be done, for though you

you be pretty spoken gentlemen, I thought, mayhap, you might be too proud to eat with poor folks; no offence, I hope, if I speaks my mind:— Old John is fond of plain-dealing, when there is neither sin nor shame in it.— The old woman gave his sleeve a pull; she thought she understood good-breding, for she had been several times in 'Squire Anderson's kitchen, and madam's own woman had spoken to her. The supper stopped our mouths, and a friendly one it was, I never eat any thing with such an appetite—I believe the bacon and eggs were remarkably good. I did not want a variety of dishes to coax my palate, I assure you.

The ale made John talk, and tell us many droll stories, nor could dame stop him, though she trod on his toes, and winked significantly. The strong beer gave him courage to laugh at the good-breeding

breeding she had acquired in the 'Squire's kitchen, and even to mimick the fine words Mrs. Betty, madam's own maid, used to bring out, when she condescended to speak to the vermin ; for she despised low life, and never demeaned herself. The old woman was half angry ; but yet, she was glad to let us hear how she had been honoured. And, conscious she knew better than her husband, hoped as how we would not be affronted, as John had a honest heart, and meant not to disparage any body, for all he was so fond of joking.

We then heard the chaise moving slowly ; we spoke to Harry, and desired him to bring us another next morning, and went to bed. The bed was hard, yet I slept so soundly Dr. Bartlett had some difficulty to wake me, when Harry arrived.

We

We took leave of John and his dame, and the latter made her best curtsy, though it was into the mud at the door of the hut, when Dr. Bartlett gave them a guinea, and I promised to send them a side of bacon, and a few bottles of strong beer, before Christmas.

I will write soon again. Farewel.

CHARLES,

LET.

LETTER XLVIII.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

I COULD not guess the reason why my uncle sent in such a hurry for me. Now you shall hear, and certainly I am very fortunate. The day after I arrived, he took hold of my hand, we were alone, and pressing it, he said, I have observed with pleasure your improvement, Charles; you are the worthy son of a good father, and I doubt not will render his latter days happy—he deserves it, for he has made mine comfortable, I blush not to tell you, by teaching me to conquer myself and practise virtue. You have from your infancy been taught more by example than precept, and have not any inveterate bad habits to combat

combat with.—Happy youth! shew your gratitude to heaven for this inestimable blessing; to you much has been given, and much indeed is required. He then presented me with a paper, and added, I now give you my estate in Hampshire, it is let out in small farms, and produces about one thousand pounds' clear yearly rent; my life draws nigh to a close, and I wished to give you myself this testimony of my esteem.

I do not know in what style I thanked my uncle, I was so surprised; but I am sure I felt grateful, and he must have seen what I could not express.

The whole family congratulated me, and indeed paid me many compliments, which I think I do not merit. If I have spent my time in useful exercises, did not my father render those exercises pleasant? And if I have endeavoured to
be

be good, I only followed an example I admired. Believe me, William, all this deserves no reward, I think I merely do my duty: and if I did not I should be unhappy. My pleasure in the pursuit of science is necessary to keep me from the listlessness of an idle life. Yes, should some one say, Charles Grandison does his duty, he is studious, he honours his parents, he loves his fellow-creatures: I should answer, I do not know how all this has happened, and why you wonder at it; I must do so or lose the favour of God,—lose the esteem of my parents, whom I love so dearly; and as to my fellow-creatures, I cannot help loving them, and doing them good; it is not only the employment, but the pleasure of my life.

Dr. Bartlett writes to my father; I doubt not but you will hear the letter read. We are to return through London,

don; I cannot lengthen out my letter, though I have much to say, as I must attend my uncle, he has just sent for me. I can only then assure you that I am yours affectionately

CHARLES.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

MY friend Charles is returned, dear mother ; with what joy was he received. The servants were all in the lobby to wish him health and long life to enjoy his estate ; and the tenants gathered about the gate, and uttered their good wishes in a most audible roar. The next day many of the neighbouring families came to congratulate him. An old gardener, who has lived thirty or forty years in the family, and is allowed to cultivate a little farm in the pleasure grounds, came this morning, just after some company had left us, leaning on his crutch. Charles received him not only with civility, but kindness ; and the venerable grey-headed man's blessing

brought tears into his eyes. See if he is not going to weep, said Edward, as soon as the gardener's back was turned ; would you not think, William, that he received more pleasure from that old man's visit, than all the rest of the visitors afforded him. You have just guessed it, replied Charles ; his simple earnest prayers for my preservation seemed to come from his heart, and they went much nearer mine than all the fine compliments I before heard dropped with a cool tone of voice.

But I must not forget to tell you, that Charles, soon after his arrival, entreated his father to take the estate for some time into his own hands. I should be very unhappy, my dear parent, to be independant of you ; receiving favours from you, is the greatest pleasure of my life—O do not deprive me of it ! Sir Charles appeared affected, and said, I will manage it for you, my son, and we will

will together visit the different farms ; you shall enquire into all the family concerns of your tenants, and become the protector and friend of those who, in some measure, are dependant on you. You will then be able to judge of their wants, and animate their industry.

We are soon to return to London : I shall not perhaps have an opportunity of writing again before we set off, but certainly will the day we reach town.

WILLIAM,

LET-

LETTER L.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

LAST night, dear mother, we again entered this great city; I should have written as I promised, but I was too late for the post, and I have a long story to tell you.

Poor Harry broke his leg while we were on the road; a hack-horse threw him, as he was turning suddenly to open a gate. Charles ran to him, and supported him in the carriage till we arrived at a large town; soon after we reached it, Sir Charles, who was in another carriage with Lady Grandison, Emilia, and Edward, overtook us, and were instantly informed of the accident. A surgeon was immediately sent for, and

the bone set ; but his leg was shattered in such a dreadful manner, the surgeon apprehends he will always be a cripple. Sir Charles staid in the room while the operation was performed, to support Harry's spirits.

I forgot to mention, that Dr. Bartlett was not with us, he did not return to Grandison-Hall with Charles, he had some business of his own to settle in town. Charles and I had a hired chaise to ourselves, and we, with Harry to attend us, always rode first to provide a good fire for Lady Grandison, who has been for some time a little indisposed.

Sir Charles never travels with much state, Harry was the only servant we had with us. On his own account he did not care, he expected to sleep in his own house that night ; but he did not like to leave a faithful servant, in his present weak state, entirely to the care of strangers. I will give you his own words,

words, for they made an impression on me.

SIR CHARLES.

Providence has placed men in different situations, to facilitate the main end of life, improvement in virtue; yet distress brings us all on a level again, we are then no longer master and servant, but men; worldly distinctions are forgot, and nature asserts her primitive equality. I would not neglect paying to the meanest of my fellow-creatures, the attention I might need from them, if I did, I should forfeit my own esteem. Was Lady Grandison well, I would stay this night to nurse Harry, and to-morrow send him one of his fellow-servants. — Charles eagerly caught his father's hand.

CHARLES.

O, my dear father, do you go with my mother, and let me remain to repre-

sent you, let me nurse Harry. I should be happy to convince him, that I did not sit up with the old officer, because he was a gentleman, but because he was a man.

SIR CHARLES.

This offer I expected from you, my son, and do not want to be importuned to grant your request. William shall remain with you, and before to-morrow night, I will send Robert to take your place. With what delight do I perceive that your heart opens itself to those true pleasures which dignify and cultivate the mind. Your kindness to Harry will soften his bodily pain, and you will feel yourself in what exercises your chief happiness must consist.

Sir Charles soon after left us, and we went to sit in Harry's room ; as he was fallen asleep, we each took a book, we would not converse lest we should disturb

turb him. Charles had enquired of his mother, what kind of nourishment was the most proper for the invalid, and took care to order it to be ready, that he might have some refreshment when he awoke. We had some weak wine and water, and a crust of bread; and in the night the landlord brought us some coffee.

Harry would fain have persuaded us to go to bed; but Charles resolutely refused, and it was very happy we did not, for the poor man was delirious, and tried to get out of bed. And I believe he would have torn the bandage off his leg, if Charles, who was the only person he recollects, had not entreated him to let it alone. He obeyed him—did I not say truly, it was happy we were there? I could not help observing, that while Charles was busy about him, he did not seem to be afraid of any accident which might have happened to

himself. When Harry became composed, I mentioned to him the remark I had made, and owned I should have been afraid to have held Harry, when he looked so frantic. Hear his answer. When I am doing what I think right, I never feel any thing like fear—should I be killed afflicting a fellow-creature, would it not be a glorious death? But I will tell you when I have felt fear. Once or twice I have been in danger in a crowd, into which I entered to procure amusement or gratify idle curiosity; then, indeed, I was afraid, and I thought, if I now lose my life, how can I answer to my Creator for risking it. This single thought deprived me of the courage you admire: nothing terrifies me, when I can pray to God, and am conscious I am obeying his holy will.

I shall not soon forget this night, dear mother; the stillness of it, and the sight of Harry, who was perhaps on his death-bed,

bed, made me think very seriously, and I could not help praying to God, to enable me so to live, that I might not fear death. I used often to wish to be rich, but in this sick chamber, these wishes appeared foolish, I only desired to be good. I felt the truth of Sir Charles's observation, that this was the solid distinction between man and man; I wondered I had not thought so before, the virtuous only appeared great in my eyes, because they can conquer death, and do not dread the end of life. And Charles agreed with me, that those who overcome the forest earthly evil, must certainly be the truly great. We talked of all the heroes we had read an account of in history, and observed that few died happily whose chief aim had not been to benefit mankind, rather than obtain a great name for themselves. But I should tire you if I was to relate the

whole of our conversation, on subjects we seldom talked of before.

Towards morning Harry fell asleep, and woke quite sensible ; I was glad of it, for it is a shocking thing to see a man deprived of reason. How dependent he is ! I now recollect Dr. Bartlett's words, That it is the right use of reason, which makes us independent of every human being.

We sat with Harry all day and endeavoured to divert him ; and he was diverted. Robert came in the evening, and brought a note from Sir Charles, in which he desired us to sleep at the inn that night, and set off for London early in the morning.

Come, said Charles, the sun is not yet set, let us take a walk and look about the town, while supper is preparing. It is cold, replied I. Yes, answered Charles, but let us not mind that. There is nothing better at this season than

than to be accustomed to rough weather, and to harden ourselves against the winter. You will see this winter, continued he, how little I care for wind, frost, rain, or snow. I never stay in the house, I run through all weathers..

At this moment we came to a small cottage, where an old woman sat at a spinning-wheel, she seemed to be very poor. Let us go in and see her spin, said Charles; and we entered, begging the woman not to take it amiss, as we did not wish to interrupt her, but to see her spin. She began to talk to us, still turning her wheel. You are very diligent, said Charles. I must be so, replied the old woman, for it is my only support, except a trifle the gentry give me, in the winter, to buy coals, for they are very dear, and my hands are sometimes so cold, I cannot turn my wheel. Charles then asked, if her daily labour was sufficient to procure her bread. She

answered yes, but it sometimes happens in the winter, when I have fewel to buy, that I have not money to purchase flax, and then I must sit in the cold idle and hungry. And is there nobody that will lend you a trifle, cried Charles, when you are in such extreme distress ? Good lack, said the old woman, I dare say there are many good hearts in the world; but the rich, who are tender-hearted, sit in their warm parlours, and do not see the hardships we poor folk undergo. Charles then gave her a guinea and we hurried out of the cottage, to avoid her thanks ; but her blessings followed us.

While we were at supper, he enquired of the landlord, if she was an industrious woman ; he assured us she was, and patiently endured many hardships rather than become burdensome to the parish. Charles then desired him to supply her with coals the ensuing winter ; let her turn her wheel glibly, and I will pay you,

you, good Sir, when I see you in the spring.

We visited Harry, and Charles desired to be called, if he was very ill during the night. Harry looked pleased ; Ah ! Sir, said he, I find you care for a poor sick servant, as well as for a gentleman.

Before we went to bed we could not help talking of the old woman.

CHARLES.

How happy it is for her that she can work, and keep out of the work-house ; even in her old age her industry enables her to be useful to society, and to command a little abode of her own.

WILLIAM.

Yet we slight such coarse hands ; where should we get linen, if there were not industrious spinners ?

CHARLES.

That we do not think of, we are apt to despise, as you observe, the useful

work of such coarse hands, which we could not do without ; and admire the embroidery the ladies work merely for ornament. And why ? Because the soft fingers of the ladies do their work in elegant rooms, and the poor labour in huts.

WILLIAM.

And yet, according to our reasoning last night, the poor woman who works to earn her bread, or clothe her children, is a much more respectable member of society, than the lady who employs herself about work which can only procure her praise.

CHARLES.

Barren praise, my dear William, for Dr. Bartlett has said, that it is very dangerous to allow ourselves to be pleased with any commendation, which is not bestowed on our virtue. But I have seen some ladies, who neglected their children to prepare ornaments for their persons.

persons. And when they had them on they looked like dolls ; I could not respect them as I respect the old woman.

WILLIAM.

I will never complain of the cold again, but rather encounter it, that I may be put in mind of the distresses the poor have to struggle with. Had you turned back when I complained, this poor old soul would have lost the comfortable fire you have procured her this winter.

We went to bed, slept soundly, and set off in good spirits, after hearing from Harry that he had passed a better night. I will now conclude this long letter ; but first let me tell you, we are to visit some manufactories soon, to learn to value the labours of the poor, and the useful employments of life.

WILLIAM.

L E T-

LETTER LI.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

I MENTIONED to you that I expected to see some manufactories ; yesterday Dr. Bartlett conducted us all, except Edward, who is gone for a short time to visit a relation, to several ; and our curiosity was fully satisfied. I had seen some formerly, but without taking much notice of them : I viewed them all as something very common and rather mean ; the case is altered now, I am taught to reason about them, and to admire the goodness of God displayed in the ingenuity of man. O, my dear mother, how wonderful are the ways of Providence ! I must repeat an observation of Dr. Bartlett's before I relate a conversation which passed between Emilia,

lia, Charles, and I, after we returned home.

The poor, said he, whilst they are earning their own bread, provide necessaries and superfluities for the rich ; who, in return, often to aggrandize themselves, fight their battles, plan their laws, and enable the mechanics to send their work to foreign markets. The labourer also, who tills the ground, and anxiously turns the produce to a good account, that he may be able to pay his rent, is protected by the rich, and may reasonably expect to solace himself after his toil, under the shade of the trees his fathers have planted, or those he himself has reared. Thus does heaven bind us all together, and make our mutual wants the strong cement of society ; and even the follies of individuals are so overruled as to produce good to the whole. Well, now for our conversation.

CHARLES.

You do not complain, I hope, that you have taken the trouble to accompany us?

WILLIAM.

Complain, no, I should have been very sorry to have missed so pleasing and instructive a sight.

CHARLES.

I for my part, am very well pleased. What skilful, laborious men there are in the world; and how much of the comfort of our lives, depends on the exertions of our fellow-creatures; and must arise from the labours of those poor uneducated people, the rich are too apt to despise.

WILLIAM.

Yes, I have often seen that persons of high rank treat them as if they were not made of the same flesh and blood.—I have seen that they scarcely moved their hats

hats to a mechanic, though he bows himself almost to the ground.

EMILIA.

That appears to me to be very wrong.

CHARLES.

It is indeed a very perverse pride, for with all their riches, they could not do without those useful men. O, thought I, when I saw the weaver, who sat sweating before his loom, this man exhausts his vigour to procure me a great comfort, linen. Without him, the flax, that valuable plant, which the earth produces for this purpose, would be useless. Every one will allow, that shoe-makers and taylors are necessary; in short, since I find that laborious people are so essential to the well-being of the world, I cannot imagine how men can treat them with so much contempt. As to myself I shall guard against such behaviour; in the use of those things, I shall

shall endeavour always to remember the men who are the instruments to convey the blessings of heaven to me: and these considerations will make me esteem my fellow-members of society; and try to fulfil my part of the sociable compact.

WILLIAM.

I agree with my friend, and am ashamed that I should ever have looked on this class of my brethren with indifference.

EMILIA.

But I found nothing that excited my wonder more than the art of printing. How could it be possible to write so many books as there are in the world?

CHARLES.

That would not be possible. We should then have very few books; and all those great geniuses, from whose writings we reap so much instruction, would be to us as dead men,—now they live and

and are our friends. Your country, William, had the honour of giving birth to the inventor of this invaluable art.

WILLIAM.

Yes, and he has a statue erected to his memory before the house where he lived. His name was Laurence Koster.

CHARLES.

You wonder much at the letter press ; but how many of the arts which we have not seen, would afford you equal matter for astonishment ?

WILLIAM.

It is almost incomprehensible, how a common potter, out of a rough lump of clay, should be able to make such a variety of useful and ornamental things.

EMILIA.

Have not these poor people reason to complain that they work so hard for a piece of bread ?

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

By no means. They have even comparative happiness. How disagreeable must be the miners employment to us, who have been brought up in a different style of life, and have opened our eyes to the beauties of nature? It is laborious, and they lose their health while they are secluded from the cheerful light of the sun, which enlivens every other labour.

EMILIA.

They might let it alone, and do something else to earn a livelihood.

CHARLES.

And what then would become of us all? They dig the gold out of the bowels of the earth, of which we are so proud; it is true we could do without it, as any thing that would lie in a small compass, might pass in exchange as money: but iron we could not spare; we should do every

every thing in a very clumsy manner without iron tools.—Only think of the various comforts which accrue to society from this one metal: and men must procure it.

EMILIA.

That is true.—And if we rightly consider it, we may say with truth, that iron is more valuable than gold.

CHARLES.

It is not only more valuable, but our abode on the earth would be uncomfortable without it:—it is apparently a necessary; and the great instrument of civilization.

WILLIAM.

We see greater respect paid to a goldsmith than a common mechanic, though the first we could do without.

EMILIA.

Perhaps it is because that a goldsmith gains greater profit, and goes better clothed.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

You have well observed, Emilia. We are very unreasonable when we are proud of dress. Where should we get the finery, if the hard hands of the diligent labourer did not provide the materials? A diamond is dug out of the earth without our assistance. Silk stuff, prepared by the industry of a worm, and in which we pride ourselves, is worked for us without our knowing how.—Yet, we are delighted with the praise we receive, as much as we could be had we invented the arts, or manufactured the product of the earth. We only wear what the skill and industry of others have procured for us.—What are we, when we recollect such foolish pride?—We who presume to arrogate merit to ourselves, which belongs to others; to the weavers and taylors—and even to the worms that contribute to adorn us. But you may say, such habits are a proof that

we are rich, or born in a distinguished rank.—It is nothing!—We are, as I have just proved, indebted for the gold and silver to the poor miners, who, at the expence of health, dig it out of the mine—and we possess it by mere chance.—And our birth, of which we are apt to boast so much, is equally accidental.

EMILIA.

But we pay more respect to painters, and all those who exercise the fine arts, than we do to mechanics, though theirs are not useful employments.

CHARLES.

That is, because we involuntarily pay respect to an improved mind. Dr. Bartlett has taught me to make distinctions. Those employments, in which the mind is exercised more than the body, tend to cultivate the understanding, the noblest kind of superiority. Those artists afford food for the mind; pleasures that

the man has not any conception of who is occupied in manual labour. We may choose our companions and friends ; but all the labourers in the great field of life, are our brothers ; and equally deserve the rights of humanity. And they are superior to their fellow men who are most extensively useful, not those who, in false state, exhibit diamonds and gold on their body, whilst their minds are, perhaps, inferior to those of the poor creatures, who, by a weak taper's light, dug them out of their hidden place, to decorate folly, not ornament virtue ; for virtue has inherent splendor.

Dear mother, I will never exalt myself on account of my birth again ; but I will try to gain the noblest distinction, that of virtue. For with respect to understanding, I have often seen the witty applauded, when those you termed wise, were scarcely observed.—What, is not

this admiring the dazzling and neglecting the useful ? But, you say the generality are superficial, and only attend to the outside of things. I will try to remember, that the praise of one sensible person, is of more worth than the encomium of a crowd ; because they consider before they speak.

WILLIAM.

LETTER LII.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

HONEST Harry is returned quite recovered, that is, as well as he will ever be; for the surgeon was right, he will be a cripple all his life. Sir Charles and his Lady are much concerned, for he was a faithful servant, and has been in the family some years. This morning we had the following conversation.

CHARLES.

Harry's accident makes me very uneasy.—Poor fellow! he was so well-made—so active.

SIR CHARLES.

We ought to draw useful lessons from the misfortunes we deplore. You find we are not a moment sure of ourselves.

He

He rose in the morning alert, full of health—before night, he was stretched on a bed—helpless as a babe. A single unforeseen accident, which we cannot guard against, may in a moment deprive us of our limbs, our sight, nay, even of life itself. To him who lives conformable to the laws of God, no death is sudden or dreadful.

CHARLES.

Accidents, you say, we cannot guard against; but are there not many misfortunes which we bring on ourselves through imprudence?

WILLIAM.

An event of this kind, a fatal one, happened last year in Holland. Two boys were at play struggling together with a pistol, they did not know it was loaded, the pistol went off, and one of them was killed, and the other so shock-

ed that he has walked about the fields melancholy ever since.

SIR CHARLES.

That misfortune was entirely their own fault. It should always be a fixed rule with boys never to play with firearms ; for in every thing that depends on ourselves we ought to be circumspect, and to be careful of our own lives, and of the lives of others, as a loan, which we must return at the time it pleases the Almighty to demand it—we must return our talents improved, or fearfully wait for the punishment denounced against the unfaithful servant.

WILLIAM.

Are not they equally wrong who venture their lives on the ice, before the frost is quite set in, only for the pleasure of skating a few days sooner ?

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

The passion for pleasure so blinds them, that they think not of the danger. It is then wrong to indulge ourselves in all that we desire, for when this propensity to present pleasure is master of us, it dispossesses our judgment of its rightful place in the mind, and the quiet suggestions, reflection would obtrude, are not heard in the tumult.

CHARLES.

But, Sir, what is Harry to do? He is not now capable of service.

EMILIA.

I know my parents are so good—so humane—

LADY GRANDISON.

Well, and what would Emilia say further?

EMILIA.

You know better than I what is proper to do for him.

N 3

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Speak, tell us your opinion.

EMILIA.

You gave a yearly income to our old gardener because he had been a faithful servant.

SIR CHARLES.

Very true; but the gardener was a decrepid old man, worn out in the service of my family; he could not do any thing to earn a livelihood. I respect old age, I would not grub up a tree which had long afforded me a shade; and the horse I rode on, when I was young, has now a meadow to range in, and a soft bed to stretch those limbs on, which were formerly active in my service.

EMILIA.

I would readily save my pocket-money, and give up the new clothes I have been promised, to contribute to support poor Harry.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

You are a good girl ; what you have said adorns your face, and makes you appear much more lovely than the finest ornaments could. But, Charles, let me hear what you would advise ?

CHARLES.

I am afraid to give you advice, you know every thing so much better than I do.

LADY GRANDISON.

That is very well observed ; but your father asks, not to be informed what is proper to be done, but to hear your sentiments.

CHARLES.

I respect Harry, nay love him ; though not as I love my dear father, and I would fain serve him.

SIR CHARLES.

Go on, Charles.

N 4

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

His father was a good shoe-maker, and worked hard to bring up a large family; he brought Harry up a shoe-maker; but Harry had a mind to see the world, as he told me, when he was sick, and he left his father, he was then very sorry for it. His father died since he has been in your service, and he has constantly sent most part of his wages to his poor mother.—Now if you would have the goodness to give him a little furniture, and leather and tools, he and his mother might live together, and they would both be provided for; and, in time, he might be able to return you the money, for he has an honest heart.

SIR CHARLES.

What, without interest, Charles?

CHARLES.

Now, Sir, you joke with me—but I perceive why.

LADY

LADY GRANDISON.

Because you were so very careful, and would have the money returned.

Charles kissed his mother's cheek, and said, forgive me, I see you will do more for him, than I could presume to ask.

SIR CHARLES.

Yes, I am glad that your sentiments so well accord with mine. We do the poor an essential service when we put them in a way to earn their own subsistence; for then we support the body without injuring the mind. Idleness in every station leads to vice. Do you go and speak to Harry, and ask him how much will be requisite for this purpose, and then we will give him it as a reward for his fidelity, and to comfort him under his misfortune.

N 5

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Dear parents, I thank you ; I will run immediately and tell him the good news. It will rejoice his heart, for when he was sick and delirious, he raved about his mother, and repented, sorely repented that he had not followed her advice and worked at his own trade. He will be so glad to maintain his mother, for the poor old woman, after bringing up a family, finds it hard to stand at the wash-tub.—He was going—

EMILIA.

Stop a moment, I must go with you, for I love to see people happy.

O, my dear mother, how delightful it is to have it in our power to be bountiful. The poor man cried for joy, when Charles informed him what his parents designed to do for him. Thus God provides for those who behave well to their parents.

parents. He saved to assist an old mother, and now he is lame his master takes care of him. In this way, said Sir Charles, we ought to lighten the afflictions we are liable to, and must humbly endure.

Two months more and I shall again be with you.

WILLIAM.

LETTER LIII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

EDWARD is come again this afternoon, and looks very well. He informed us of a disagreeable accident which happened lately, and shows very clearly how imprudent it is to talk idly, and merely for the sake of having something to say, to canvass the faults or even the vices of others. But I will give you the particulars of a conversation we had in consequence of this information.

EDWARD.

You knew Colonel Brown, Charles. Last week Captain Fiery shot him.

CHARLES.

And for what reason?

EDWARD.

Because his son, in a large company, spoke very disrespectfully of the Captain,
I and

and said he was a man whose word could not be depended on.

CHARLES.

Suppose it was so, it was not proper to speak of it, especially in a large company; these kind of conversations proceed oftener from folly than from a detestation of vice, or a nice sense of honour, which makes a person feel indignation, when any of his fellow-creatures act meanly.

WILLIAM.

How could the Colonel be answerable for what his son said?

EDWARD.

Fiery is a hot-headed foolish man, and because he could not have satisfaction from a youth, demanded it of the father. He apologized for his son's imprudence; but Fiery would not listen to reason, he compelled the other to meet him, his profession did not allow him to

to refuse a challenge ; he was killed on the spot, and Fiery sat off directly for France.

CHARLES.

And what will he get by the name of courage, which his rash insensibility may have procured him ? He must never return to his native country, his hands have been dyed in the blood of his fellow-creature, he has robbed a family of its support, and in consequence of his violating the laws of humanity, is compelled to wander in a strange country, and only to receive that attention his money will procure.

WILLIAM.

But young Brown, how I pity him !

CHARLES.

Yes, he deserves pity ; he is continually upbraiding himself with his folly, and lamenting his rashness, his want of consideration, which has deprived his mother

mother of all her comfort, and himself of a tender friend and affectionate father.

EDWARD.

Yet, many think him not to blame, he only spoke the truth. Captain Fiery's character is generally known, and he is as generally despised.

CHARLES.

Believe me, brother, we are not always to say what is true, when it tends to the prejudice of another we must be silent; it is more to our credit to soften the faults we must mention, and better still, perhaps, not to mention them at all. Dr. Bartlett has often told me, that those who accustom themselves to tell all they know of others, will imperceptibly deviate from truth, and, forgetting compassion, will become unjust.

WILLIAM.

I agree with you, and think it possible that those who build their virtues on the

the vices of others, will soon have only comparative virtue.

CHARLES.

It is chiefly to tell some news, or to appear of consequence, that people retail scandalous anecdotes; yet, those who listen to such stories with malignant pleasure, despise and fear the slanderer; though murder should not happen, many disagreeable consequences may follow, and we should never mention the faults of others without a chance of reclaiming them.

The conversation was interrupted, and so I must bid you adieu.

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

LAST Friday we all of us went to pay a visit where there was a large party of young people, and some of them of the first rank. After we came home we conversed about them.

EDWARD.

What think you, Charles, of the various dresses you saw? Young Owen's shabby coat appeared very conspicuous near Sir William Turner's elegant fashionable suit.

CHARLES.

Young Owen is not rich, but I am sure that he in his plain dress commands more respect than Sir William, if we go into company to be amused and improved,

ed, and not to see a block on which fine clothes are hung.

WILLIAM.

You make me laugh, Charles; so, those who take so much pains to adorn their persons are, in your opinion, mere blocks.

CHARLES.

I do not absolutely say so, but this I am certain of, that those who are as accomplished and entertaining as young Owen, ought to take place of him, whose rank, fortune, and appearance are his only claim to notice.

EMILIA.

Lady Jane L—— was of a different opinion; she said, she should certainly have staid at home, had she guessed that Owen would have been there, for she could not bear to sit in company with a youth whose grandfather was a mean mechanic.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Many persons of quality are of the same opinion, but I have been told that we ought always to prefer merit to birth and riches; the former is the fruit of our own labour, but the latter is merely accidental.

EDWARD.

But it seems a rule in life to seek rather the company of superiors than inferiors.

CHARLES.

To seek either to associate with superiors or inferiors constantly, would, in my opinion, be equally mean, equally tend to debase the soul; friendship requires equality.

WILLIAM.

Lady Jane, whom Emilia was speaking of, appears to me very ill-natured. Did you not observe how she ridiculed that modest young gentleman who was a little deformed?

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

Yes ; she called him a spider, a little ape, and spoke so loud, that he heard her and appeared disconcerted, and yet she continued to laugh.

CHARLES.

Lady Jane did not recollect, that though her title announced her rank, her behaviour proved she was not well-bred. She had not sense to discover, that intolerable pride is a great fault, and deformity only a misfortune. She did not recollect, that it is her Creator she was blaming, and that a single fall, or some other casualty, might soon render her an object of ridicule ; and, at any rate, time quickly flies, and will insensibly destroy those charms she is now so proud of ; and the ignorant may in their turn laugh at her, when she appears old and ugly, without wisdom or virtue to render gray hairs respectable. How often have I heard my tutor say, that wisdom and

vir-

virtue never grow old, on the contrary, while they are useful to mankind, they spread a real splendor over the character of an individual.

Dear mother, how often have you warned me against such behaviour, and how tenderly have I seen you treat those whom others despised ? Farewel.

WILLIAM.

L E T-

LETTER LV.

WILLIAM *to his Mother.*

FORGIVE me, dear mother, for having been so long silent, but I have only disagreeable tidings to communicate to you. We all wear a face of woe; my worthy benefactor, our dear Sir Charles, is very ill, and has been so for some time. The physicians think him in great danger, and we expect nothing but death. Lady Grandison, as you may well imagine, is almost inconsolable. Emilia is continually weeping, and Edward appears almost distracted. I will give you an account of a conversation we had yesterday, after we left the sick room. Edward clasped his hands together as in despair, and threw himself into a chair in an adjoining chamber. Ah! William, he

he cried, how it grieves me to think I have so often offended my more than father ; yes, my friend, every thing I have done now haunts me, and pains my very soul.

WILLIAM.

My dear Edward be comforted, he is still alive, and God may perhaps restore him to health.

EDWARD.

I know I do not deserve that favour, I have so often offended him, and though he has forgiven me, I can never forgive myself ; and, perhaps, God will not forgive me. Happy Charles, who now, because he has always been dutiful, can look for his father's death with a sedate sorrow, while I fly from his sick bed, continually tormented by fear and remorse.

WILLIAM.

Indeed he appears to have much fortitude.

EDWARD.

He has a Father in heaven that is good to him, who gives him power to support his grief.

WILLIAM.

Pray you also to that Father, and you too will obtain his favour ; the unhappy who sincerely turn to him, will always find him compassionate and ready to forgive those who really lament their faults, not merely the consequences produced by them.

EDWARD.

Well then, I will do so ; but oh ! William, my heart is very heavy.

Dear mother, I pity poor Edward, but I admire Charles ; and I do not know which to praise most, his filial love, or his sedateness and patience ; in the bitterness of his grief he scarcely ever leaves his sick parent, he gives him his medicines, stifles his sighs, and hides his tears, and almost seems afraid to breathe when his

his father closes his eyes; but I have seen him fold his hands together, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pray with ardour. I will not send this letter off till to-morrow, when I will write again.

WILLIAM, *in continuation.*

How much I was affected yesterday afternoon. I went, after I had done writing, to Sir Charles's chamber, I opened the door softly, but instead of Charles, saw Lady Grandison and Emilia, both kneeling at the bed-side; I stole away unperceived to seek for Charles, I could not find him in any of the chambers, no one knew where he was. Oh! said I to myself, where is my dear Charles? I ran into the garden, and there I found him in the summer-house; he was kneeling down, his hands and eyes were lifted up to heaven, and big tears rolled down his cheeks; I heard him pray with earnestness, but could only distinguish a few words.

Preserve, oh ! my God, my dear, my affectionate father—grant him longer life, Thou knowest best, Thou art infinitely merciful, oh ! pardon me, I wish to die to save him, to save my mother from the anguish she must endure if deprived of him.

He seemed in an agony, and at length arose with more apparent firmness ; I could no longer be silent, I caught his hand, God will preserve your father, I exclaimed ; I hope so, answered he, but let us walk round the garden, that my mother may not see that I have been crying, it would add to her sorrows. We walked backwards and forwards, when Charles resumed the discourse ; You heard me pray then ?

WILLIAM.

No, I only heard a few incoherent words, and that you wished to die to save your father.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Of how much more consequence is his life than mine? I scarcely know how I should live without him. My wish was a selfish one, for perfect happiness is not to be found on earth; I have heard him often say, the happiest have their troubles, and the best their failings, which disturb their earthly peace.

WILLIAM.

What a comfort would these sensible reflections afford, should you lose your father?

CHARLES.

I hope they would; though it now appears to me, that nothing could afford me comfort, should I be deprived of the best of fathers. Come, let us go in; I would not lose the few moments that still afford me an opportunity of shewing my affection and alleviating his sufferings.

We went immediately into the house. Sir Charles had slept near an hour, and was something better ; he called Charles with a faint, yet a distinct voice, as soon as he heard him enter the room ; he approached the bed and threw himself upon his knees, he took hold of his father's hand and kissed it several times with a kind of eager respect ; what sensibility, what sincerity and grief, did I not see in his countenance ! The tears were rolling fast down his cheeks, it would be impossible to delineate the scene.—What does my father want ? asked he ; what would he say to his son ? I wish, answered Sir Charles, to tell you, that your duty and affection will soften the pangs of death, your mother will still have a friend, your sister a protector, and your past behaviour makes me rely on your future. You weep, grieve not my son, sometime or other we must have been separated, but if you obey your

your heavenly father we shall meet again,
where death has no dominion.

CHARLES.

But, my dear father, if you recover
now, I might die before you.

SIR CHARLES.

Would you then, Charles, rather have
me suffer, than endure grief yourself?
Do you love me?

CHARLES.

Do I love you!—I love you more than
I love myself.

SIR CHARLES.

No, my dear, you are mistaken; you
love yourself better, or you would not
wish me to live in a world where there
are so many cares and sorrows.

CHARLES.

It is true, but I pray forgive me, I
cannot help wishing to keep you here.
I cannot forbear thinking how unhappy
I shall be, when I lose my father; I

have such need of your wife counsel, you are the guide of my youth,—my first friend.

SIR CHARLES.

You will still have a good mother, and you have a Father in heaven, who will never leave you nor forsake you; reconcile your mind to the event: if I die, recollect that I am only gone a little while before you; be virtuous, remember your Creator, fulfil all your duties to your fellow-creatures, and you will without fear wait for the last solemn hour, and the moment when we shall meet again.—But I have said sufficient, submit yourself to the Ruler of the universe, who loves you even better than I do.

My friend Charles rose up, and retired from the bed, without being able to speak, his heart was full, he threw himself into a chair. My father, said he,

has

has commanded me to submit to the will of heaven ; this affecting command is, perhaps, the last I shall ever receive from his dear mouth.—Well then, I must, I will be resigned. I will suppress my grief as well as I can, and wait the event with fortitude ; my father has taught me how to live, and I shall now learn of him how to die ; by imitating his virtues, I may be thought worthy to dwell with him in heaven, to meet him never to part again.

The physician came in with Dr. Bartlett, he found his patient much better, and gave us some hopes ; the good Doctor took Charles by the hand, and advised him to take some rest, for he had not been in bed these three nights : but Charles begged to be excused ; I cannot sleep, Sir, said he, while my father suffers so much. No, I slumber by his bed when he rests, that is sufficient. Indeed, who can so well take care of a

father as his own son? Who can love him as well as I do? My eye must see if he lies down soft and easy, I must cover him, I must warm his dear hands in mine when I find them cold.—I must do more—I must receive his last breath.—He could not go on, and when they still continued to press him, he said, he esteemed too much the few precious hours he could now spend with his father to lose one, while there was a shadow of danger.

What a son, dear mother! but even the recital has affected me so much, I can only assure you that I am your dutiful son,

WILLIAM.

LET.

LETTER LVI.

Mrs. D— to WILLIAM.

I WAS very much concerned when I heard of your benefactor's alarming illness; but I would fain hope, with you, my dear William, that heaven will restore so good a man, whose example the world has so much need of. Yet, my son, what an opportunity presents itself for you to view death without terror. You see with what peace and tranquility a Christian can wait for his dying hour; one who has observed the duties of christianity, and not assumed the mere name. You behold the good Sir Charles resigned to the will of heaven, calmly waiting for his dissolution; yes, every one who has lived well, may be termed

the friend of God, and secure of his protection at the last trying hour, may view it without dismay. He knows, that released from all the cares and sufferings of this life, he is going to enjoy the presence and favour of the supreme fountain of good, whose favorite he is, because he has endeavoured to copy the perfections, as far as he could discover them, of that Being he adored. Death has nothing terrible in it for him ; no, death, at that moment, appears his best friend, as it conducts him to an eternity of happiness, which, even in this world, he has had a foretaste of ; and besides, what delight may not a further improvement in knowledge afford to one who has already advanced a few steps in the attainment of it. Life is like a dream, which quickly passes away, and virtue only forces it to leave lasting traces behind. Let us, my son,

endeavour to be good, and then we may all expect to meet where our great improvement in virtue may ensure our happiness. Neglect not to inform me, by the first packet, of the present state of health of our much-esteemed friend.

D.

O 6

LET-

LETTER LVII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

REJOICE with us, my dear mother, Sir Charles is now entirely out of danger ; I omitted writing for some days, that I might be quite certain that our hopes were well-founded. Our mourning is now turned into joy : I think we were never so happy before. But what should I have done had he died ? the time of my departure for Holland approaches, how could I have left my friend in the midst of his grief ? It is in the hour of sorrow that we most need a friend, and I think I love him better than ever, since I saw him so unhappy ; —but it is all over now, and I shall return with satisfaction to my dear mother and sister. How quickly has this

year flown away ; and Dr. Bartlett has frequently told me, that few complain of the irksomeness of time, who are properly employed. Certainly none are more to be pitied than those who are habitually idle ; how far otherwise is it with those happy families where useful employments, and innocent amusements, fill the whole day. I have learned of Charles to divide my hours well, and I shall do so, with your permission, when I return home. I shall not then, I hope, be any more dull, as I used formerly to be, when we were without company ; nor shall I wish continually for the company of young Du Lis, because he was always merry. I will read to you, when we are alone ; and improve myself in drawing, and in the many other things I have been taught since I came to England, that my friend Charles may not blush for me, when we meet again. I shall never forget what I heard Sir

Charles

Charles say a few days ago to Edward ; you wish much for company, dear Edward, said he, but, believe me, it is wishing for slavery. He who is always running into company, cannot bear himself in solitude ; constant company leads to habitual idleness. Society is agreeable ; but it must be relieved by retired hours to remain long so. And it is very improper, for young people especially, every day to think of visiting ; the days of youth are invaluable, it is the seed-time of life, and a harvest cannot be expected when it has been neglected. You ought then to suppress that desire of continual dissipation, which insensibly draws off the attention from more rational pursuits, and even prevents young people from obtaining a respectable situation in the society they frequent. If you would learn to be qualified for general conversation, learn to think when you

you read, and through the assistance of rational books, many hours of retirement may pass pleasantly away, without your wishing for the noise of society—
Books are never failing friends.

I am, dear mother,

WILLIAM.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER,

NEXT Thursday is fixed for my departure, so that this is my last letter. I did wish to have remained here till after Emilia's birth-day, but one of Sir Charles's friends intends setting off next week for Holland, and he wishes me to go with him, as another opportunity may not soon occur.

How happens it, dear mother, that I am so low-spirited when I am returning to you whom I have so continually longed to see? I love Sir Charles and his Lady, and I love my friend as myself, yet, I love you better than all the world. I know not well what I feel, I would willingly return, and still wish to remain where I am. Sir Charles has given me

me reason to hope that I shall see my friend in Holland much sooner than I expected, and that we shall correspond constantly during our separation; he then gave me some books and mathematical instruments. How much I shall have to read to you, and how many things to tell you, when I am once more returned home!

Farewel, farewel, will you forgive me for feeling so much concern at leaving my friends, when I am returning to the most indulgent of parents, and a sister whom I desire to improve? Soon, very soon, shall I tell you, that I am your very affectionate son,

WILLIAM.

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